

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE **PIONEERS**



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A "Go-It-Yourself" guide to places of interest
in the early history of Seventh-day Adventists
New England and New York

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**A “Go-It-Yourself” guide to places of interest
in the early history of Seventh-day Adventists in
New England and New York**

1985 Edition

**Ellen G. White Estate
Washington, D.C. 20012**

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Adventist History Tour of New England And New York

Introduction

For many years Seventh-day Adventists who wanted to visit the scenes of their church's infancy in New England and New York relied on Arthur W. Spalding's *Footprints of the Pioneers* for the stories connected with the various sites. They found their way from place to place with the aid of a go-it-yourself guide provided by the Ellen G. White Estate. Both of these guides are now out of print, and since many changes have taken place in routes and in the condition of the sites themselves, a new guide is needed.

To fill this need the Ellen G. White Estate has prepared this new book. Some portions of Spalding's work have been used in condensed and adapted form. Current route information and detailed maps are included. A few new sites have been introduced, while the descriptions of some previous ones, seldom visited in recent years, have been omitted.

The sites along the tour can be visited in any order convenient to the traveler. The instructions have been designed to take the tour from Washington, D. C., north to Rochester, New York, and thence eastward through western New York, then on to Maine and finally down through Massachusetts and Connecticut. This is especially convenient for tourists who come to Washington by air, take the tour by bus, and fly home from New York City. The detailed site maps will enable visitors to approach places of interest from any direction. Before leaving, it would be well for visitors to supplement this guide with various highway maps, tour guides, and brochures supplied by the states and cities through which they will pass. These can be obtained from the Chambers of Commerce, Tourism Departments, or Conventions and Visitors Bureaus of the various jurisdictions.

Please Read This

Since many of the buildings and homes along the tour are owned by private individuals, Adventists who visit these sites will provide the best witness for their faith by showing due respect for property rights. Let photographs be your only souvenirs. Groups visiting the various sites often provide the owners a gratuity of \$5 to \$25, depending on the size of the group. No owners have requested this, but it is a well-deserved recognition of their willingness to allow their privacy to be invaded from time to time. We also want to encourage the maintenance of the various sites. Any annoyance or difficulty caused by a visitor jeopardizes the privilege of later visitors to enjoy the site.

Naturally, the condition and ownership of the various buildings and homes along the tour will continue to change. New streets and highways will be built, and the numbers and names of old ones will change. Whenever such changes render this guide inaccurate, readers are requested to report these inaccuracies to the Ellen G. White Estate, 6840 Eastern Ave. N.W., Washington, D. C. 20012, so that corrections can be made. We also welcome any suggestion which will make the guide more useful or interesting.

Dansville, New York

Directions

Washington, D. C. to Dansville, New York.

From Takoma Park, Maryland, take the Capital Beltway (I-495) in a westerly (or counterclockwise) direction to Interstate 270 North. Watch for signs to Frederick, Maryland.

As you approach Frederick, Maryland, stay to the left and take Highway 15 North to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. You will stay on Highway 15 all the way through Pennsylvania, passing through or near Harrisburg, Williamsport, and Mansfield, Pa., along the way.

From Corning, New York, take Highway 17 west to a point about five miles beyond Bath, New York, where you will take Interstate 390 toward Rochester, New York. Follow I-390 to Exit 4 which is Highway 36. At the bottom of the off ramp, turn left onto Highway 36 north which becomes Clara Barton Ave. Proceed to Main Street and turn left. Go to the second traffic light and turn right on Perine Street, which is Highway 256 north. Proceed up Perine Street to its end and turn right on Health Street. Then turn left immediately on Austin Street. It will say "Dead End," but proceed up the hill and bear to your left and this will bring you onto the grounds where Dr. Jackson operated his institution, "Our Home on the Hillside."

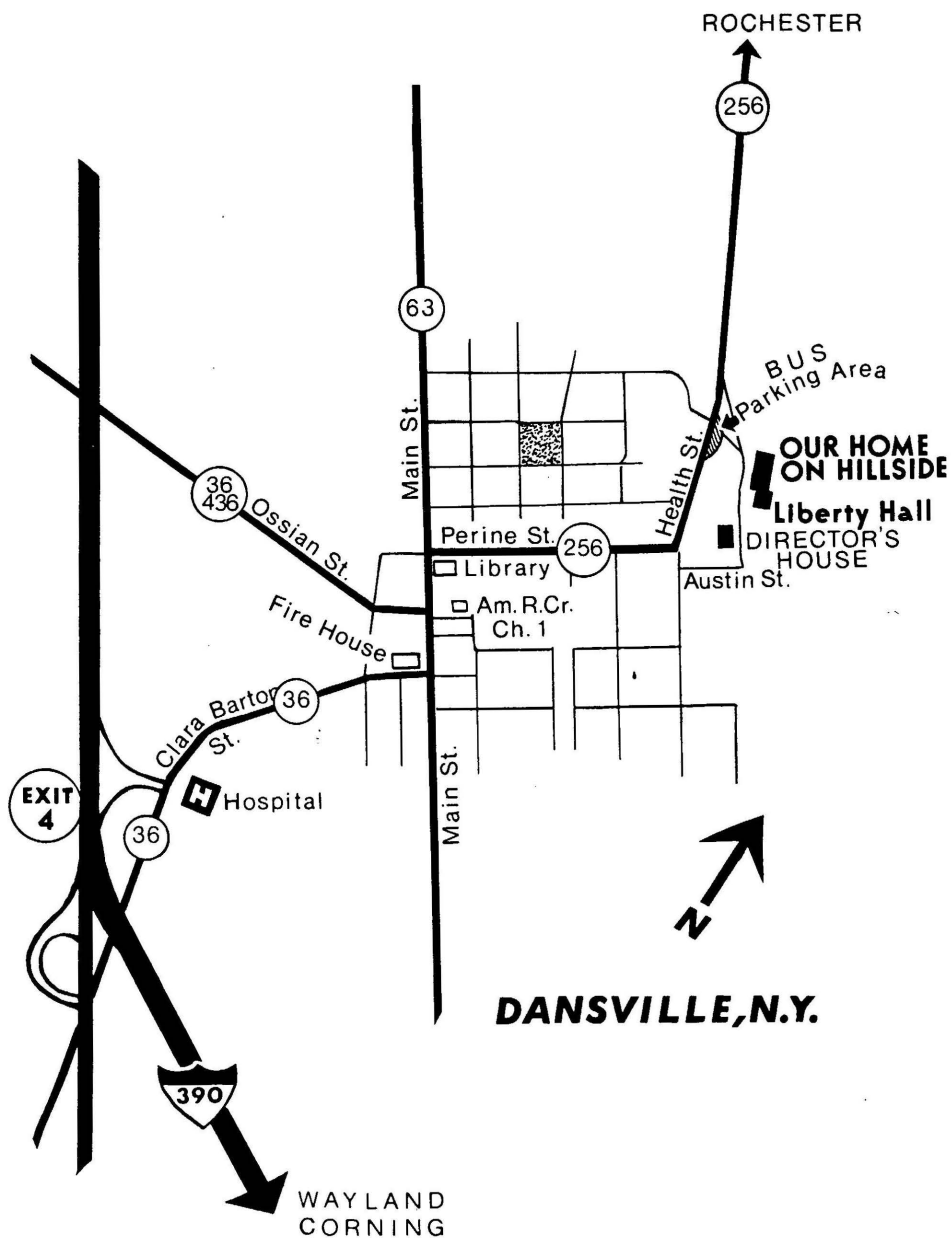
America Along The Way

Along the way some visitors will enjoy taking the fifty-mile round trip from Frederick, Maryland, out to Harper's Ferry National Historic Park. Take Route 340 west from Frederick to see this historic town where museums and monuments commemorate John Brown's 1859 raid in which he attempted to seize the federal arsenal and rally the slaves to fight for their freedom.

In the mountains west of Thurmont, Maryland, is the presidential retreat, Camp David. Unfortunately, uninvited guests are not welcome.

Your route north from Frederick takes you past historic Gettysburg where on July 1-3, 1863, one of the greatest battles of the American Civil War was waged. Four months later, President Lincoln dedicated the National Cemetery there with his famous "Gettysburg Address."

In Corning, New York, the Corning Glass Center provides a fascinating diversion with its beautiful museum and Hall of Science and Industry. In the Steuben factory, glassblowers and other artists can be seen at work.



It Happened Here

Bath, New York

On your way from Corning to Dansville, you pass through the town of Bath. North of Bath and a little to the west, notice the town of Wheeler on Highway 53. We will not visit these towns, but they do provide a footnote to Adventist history.

In January, 1852, James and Ellen White held a few meetings in Bath at the home of Brother and Sister Platt. The Raymonds and their two boys came down from Wheeler for these meetings. During the meetings, "much interest was felt for children," James White reports. The Raymonds left on Sunday to return home, but the boys were under such deep conviction that they persuaded their parents to return to Bath.

That summer, in July, the Whites came to the Raymond farm in Wheeler and held outdoor meetings in a grove on their property. Here, James White reports, the children were again very interested. It was immediately after returning to Rochester from this meeting that James White announced that he would begin to publish "a paper for children" which he named *The Youth's Instructor*. Although he does not say so, we may assume that the children in Bath and Wheeler, New York, helped provide the impulse for the launching of the first Adventist periodical for children. "God is at work among the children who have believing parents," James White noted. The early *Youth's Instructors* contained the first Sabbath School lessons for children. The paper sold for three cents a month, including postage. "Many little boys and girls spend enough for candies and toys, which are of no real value, to buy five or six such papers," James White commented. (See *Review and Herald*, Feb. 17, and July 8, 1852).

America Along The Way

Attracted to Dansville because of Dr. Jackson's health institution, Clara Barton first visited here in 1876. She lived in a rented house on Health Street near the Water Cure until October, 1877, when she went to Washington. Between that time and February 24, 1886, when she was given a farewell reception in Dansville, she was here as frequently as she could find time to rest from her rigorous program of traveling and lecturing.

On August 22, 1881, fifty-seven persons enrolled as members of the Dansville Society of the Red Cross. Clara Barton, its founder, "thought of Red Cross as the channel whereby all America, indeed all the nations of the earth, could pour out their generous help to disaster sufferers wherever they might be."

On the grounds of St. Paul's United Lutheran Church, a marker was placed in 1932 by the New York State Education

Department: "In this church was organized first local Red Cross Society in the United States by Clara Barton, August 22, 1881." The Lutheran Church faces Clara Barton Street.

In the Chapter headquarters at 57 Elizabeth Street are mementos of Miss Barton and the early days of the organization, including the flag that flew from the masthead of relief boats on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers in 1884, and other items commemorating her active life and her Dansville years.

Time Capsule

Dansville, New York

1864, May. J. N. Andrews' wife and son visit "Our Home on the Hillside," Dr. James Caleb Jackson's water cure in Dansville, New York.

1864, September. James and Ellen White visit Dansville to investigate the principles taught there.

1865, September-December. James White at Dansville as patient following his stroke.

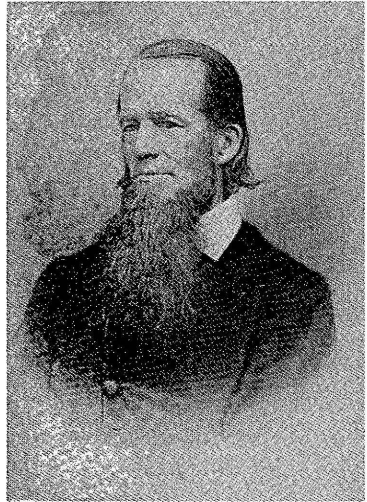
It Happened Here

Dansville, New York

James Caleb Jackson, of Manlius, New York, took up a career as a health reform physician after his own health was restored through the application of water treatments. He had earlier served as a lecturer on temperance and the abolition of slavery.

Jackson purchased a defunct water cure in Dansville in 1858 along with his adopted daughter, Dr. Harriet N. Austin, who served as his associate. They named their institution "Our Home on the Hillside," and soon launched a monthly paper, *The Laws of Life*, to promote both healthful living and their enterprise in Dansville.

The causes of temperance, anti-slavery, and health reform often went hand-in-hand. A number of early Adventists, most notably Joseph Bates, were interested in all three. The interest in health reform became general in the denomination after Ellen White's vision of June 5, 1863. At that time she was shown the importance of simple, natural remedies in the treatment of disease.

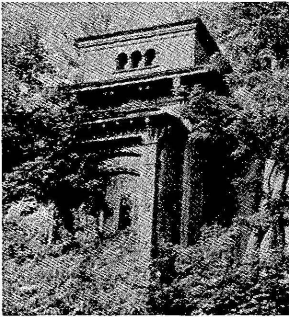


James Caleb Jackson

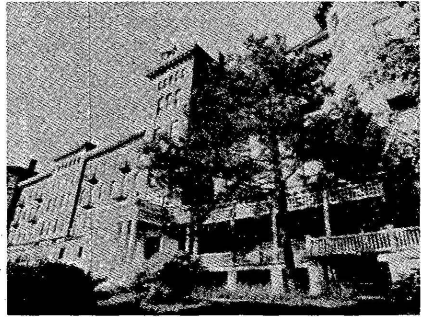
In May of 1864, J. N. Andrews sent his wife, Angeline, and his son, Charles Melville, to Dansville to see if something could be done for the boy's crippled leg. At Dansville Charlie promptly contracted the measles, but his leg responded to treatment. When he returned home in mid-July, J. N. Andrews was "very much struck" with the improvement in his son.

In September, 1864, James and Ellen White visited Dansville. "Our object," James White wrote, was to "see what we could see, and hear what we could hear, so as to give many inquiring friends a somewhat definite report." James White copied a contemporary description of the institution which noted that it was quiet, though located near a "thriving village of about four thousand inhabitants." To the main building, 40 x 100 feet, Dr. Jackson had added wide piazzas, as well as several other buildings.

One of these additions was called Liberty Hall. This 60 x 32 foot structure boasted a cupola (now partially removed) and



Liberty Hall Today



Our Home Today

was "finished in ornate style." It served as a play-room, lecture room, and chapel. With some modifications Liberty Hall still stands today, being the only part of the main building to survive an 1882 fire.

The Whites were generally favorable to the Dansville program, but James noted that they could not unite in amusements such as card playing and dancing. The religion at Dansville (Dr. Jackson was a Presbyterian) James White described as "about the same stripe of the popular professors everywhere."

James White emphatically denied the rumors that Our Home was a spiritualist center. This false impression was gained in part because the women at Our Home wore the "American Costume," a variety of bloomer costume which was also worn, James White said, by "brazen-faced and doubtful female Spiritualists."

The Whites' visit to Dansville in 1865 was not as pleasant as their previous one. On August 16, 1865, James White had suffered a stroke. A month later it was decided to take him to Dansville for treatment. Other church leaders with lesser ailments, most notably J. N. Loughborough and Uriah Smith, went along. James and Ellen took rooms in a small cottage on the hillside below the main building. When James was not taking hydrotherapy treatments, the couple strolled the grounds together. At night Ellen spent many sleepless hours massaging James' arms and shoulders in an effort to relieve his pain. The other ministers often gathered in the White's cottage to pray for James' recovery.

But James did not recover under Dr. Jackson's prescription of inactivity, and in December, Ellen decided that with God's help she would take her husband's case into her own hands. The couple left December 4 for Rochester where they stopped until James had the strength to continue on to Battle Creek. For three weeks they stayed in the home of Bradley and Drusilla Lamson. During this time the believers in Rochester gathered almost daily to pray for James' recovery. On Christmas night, December 25, 1865, during one of these seasons of earnest prayer, Ellen was taken off in vision and shown that Adventists should have a health care institution of their own. Less than a year later, vision became reality with the opening of the Western Health Reform Institute, forerunner of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Heirloom

A Patient's Description of "Our Home."

It was a rambling old building, with low ceilings and narrow halls. The rooms were heated by box stoves, the beds were hard mattresses of sea grass and cotton on slats, and pillows of cotton. Small kerosene lamps furnished the light required, and no window curtains obscured the sunshine and fresh air. In the dining room long rows of narrow tables were set, the patients drawing numbers from week to week for their seats, thus insuring a democratic mixing up of all classes, individually and collectively. A plate, cup, saucer, spoon, knife, fork, and tumbler were at each place. There were no courses served in those days. The staples were unleavened graham crackers, graham mush and porridge, applesauce, vegetables, sauce, and fresh fruits, with milk and eggs—no raised bread, no white flour concoctions, no meat, no butter, no tea nor coffee. Does this sound like bitter fare? Yet the writer can testify from experience and observation that never were meals taken with heartier relish than during that graham and vegetarian epoch.

Eight o'clock p.m. was the retiring hour, and lights were out at half past eight. Six o'clock a.m. was the rising hour, and three or four times weekly the young man appointed to arouse the slumberers by vigorous raps on a Chinese gong, announced in loud tones through the hall that Dr. Jackson would lecture in the parlor at half past six, and everybody was expected to come promptly. The treatment was limited chiefly to half baths, packs, sitz baths, plunges, and dripping sheets. —See A. W. Spalding, *Footprints of the Pioneers*, p. 183.

Rochester, New York

Directions

Rochester, New York

From Dansville, take Highway 256 north, then Highway 255 north to Conesus, and Highway 15 north into Rochester. On the outskirts of Rochester, Highway 15 is also West Henrietta Road, then in Rochester, it becomes Mt. Hope Avenue. Mt. Hope Cemetery will be on your left when you pass Elmwood Avenue.

Take Interstate 390 North from Dansville to I-590, which is Rochester's "Outer Loop." Then go west on I-590 to the second exit, which will be Mt. Hope Avenue/Highway 15. Then go north to Mt. Hope Cemetery, as mentioned above. Similar routes can be taken by those approaching Rochester from the east or west along I-90, the New York Thruway. From the west, take Exit 47 onto I-490, then I-590 south and east to NY 15/Mt. Hope. From the east, take Exit 45, I-490, then I-590 south or west to NY 15/Mt. Hope Avenue.

After passing Elmwood Avenue watch for the first (or south) entrance to Mt. Hope Cemetery on your left, just past Langslaw Street. Turn in at this entrance, then follow the map provided in this guide. If the cemetery office is open, you may also wish to secure a copy of *A Pocket Guide to Mt. Hope Cemetery*, which gives the interesting history of the cemetery, along with directions to the graves of famous persons.

On leaving Mt. Hope Cemetery, take Mt. Hope Avenue/Highway 15 north to the south corner of Comfort Street. There, at 124 Mt. Hope Avenue, once stood the house in which the Whites and others lived when the Review and Herald was published in Rochester, 1852-1855.

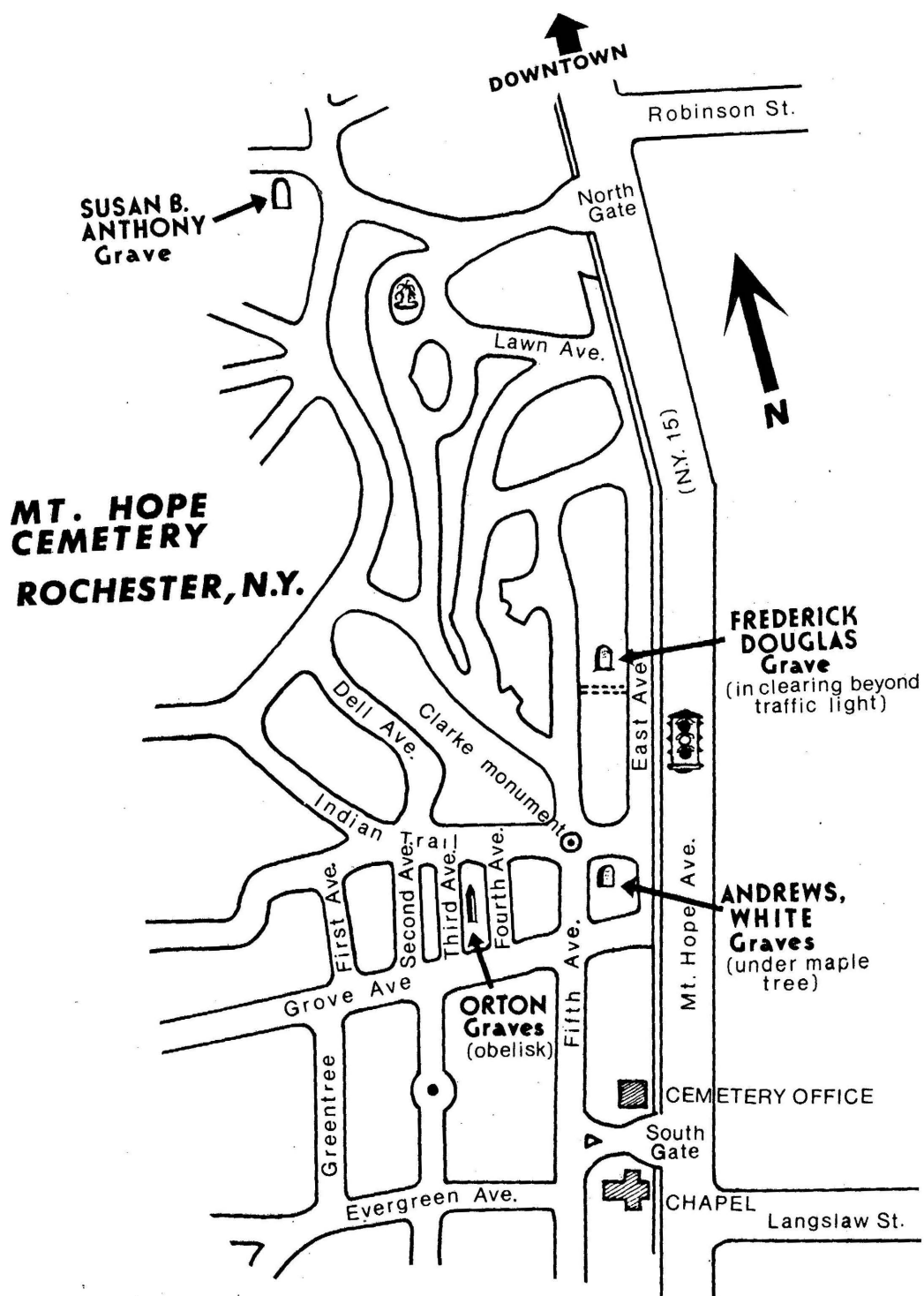
To leave Rochester, proceed north on Mt. Hope Avenue/Highway 15 and follow carefully the signs for I-490. These signs will lead you on an incredibly circuitous route through all sorts of turns and loops and will eventually specify I-490 East. Take I-490 east to I-90, the New York Thruway.

America Along The Way

Rochester, New York.

Rochester, one of the most important cities in western New York, was already famous in the 1800s. Because of the water power provided by the Genesee River, Rochester became an important mill town, producing flour from the wheat which was grown in abundance in the surrounding countryside.

Western New York was settled by New Englanders, many of whom were more interested in religious and social reform than were those who remained behind. Rochester was a center of



revival and reform activity. Frederick Douglass, the former slave and famous abolitionist lecturer and editor, published his paper, *The North Star*, in Rochester for a number of years. In his autobiography, Douglass recalled the falling of the stars in 1833. Susan B. Anthony, the champion of women's rights, made her home here at 17 Madison Avenue, where visitors are welcome at certain hours. The graves of these two reformers are found in Mt. Hope Cemetery.

George Eastman, whose Kodak cameras made photography popular with amateurs, built an elegant Georgian mansion at 900 East Avenue in 1905, where visitors can now view photographic memorabilia dating from the earliest days of photography. The Kodak Company's factories in Rochester also offer tours. Tour information can be secured through brochures in local motels or by calling the Chamber of Commerce.

Time Capsule

Rochester, New York

- 1852, *Review and Herald* moves to 124 Mt. Hope Avenue; new Washington hand press purchased.
- 1853, Nathaniel White, James White's brother, dies.
- 1854, Anna White, editor, *The Youth's Instructor*, James White's sister, dies.
- 1863, Baby Girl Andrews, J. N. Andrews' daughter, dies.
- 1866, Jonathan Orton, prominent layman, murdered.
- 1872, Angeline Andrews, J. N. Andrews' wife, dies.
- 1878, Mary Frances Andrews, J. N. Andrews' daughter, dies.

It Happened Here

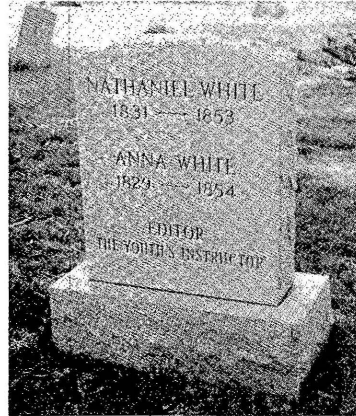
Rochester, New York

In March, 1852, a conference of Sabbath-keeping Adventists was held at the home of Jesse Thompson in Ballston Spa, not far from Saratoga Springs, New York. At that conference it was decided to purchase a printing press and shift the publishing headquarters of the movement to Rochester, New York. With generous donations from Hiram Edson and others, a Washington hand press was purchased—the first property ever owned by Sabbath-keeping Adventists as a group. The May 6, 1852, *Review* was the first one published in Rochester. The October 30, 1855, issue was the last before the move to Battle Creek, Michigan.

Times were hard in Rochester. Besides the Whites, more than a dozen young printers, preachers, and writers lived together in the big house at 124 Mt. Hope Avenue (on the corner of Comfort Street). Miserably poor, the workers were plagued by a cholera epidemic and the ever-present threat of tuberculosis. The latter, called "consumption" in those days, was brought into the home late in 1852 when Nathaniel and Anna White,

James White's brother and sister, arrived, probably already suffering from the disease. Nathaniel, who had been somewhat indifferent to religion, was won to Christ by the family worships and soon accepted the seventh-day Sabbath. His physical condition did not improve, however, and he died May 6, 1853.

Anna, James White's sister, had always been a studious girl. She too accepted the Sabbath, and James White made her editor of the *Youth's Instructor*. Anna also served the young people of the church by editing the first Adventist hymnal for children in 1852. Her editorial career was cut short when tuberculosis forced her to give up the task. She died November 30, 1854, and was buried beside her brother in Mt. Hope Cemetery. In 1980, for the first time, a monument was erected over their graves with funds raised by the Adventist churches in Rochester, the General Conference, and the White family.



Anna and Nathaniel's Graves

Other graves in Mt. Hope Cemetery also remind us of the sacrifice and dedication of our church's founders. Next to the graves of the Whites is the Andrews' family plot. There a marker indicates the resting place of Angeline Andrews, the dearly-loved wife of J. N. Andrews. Angeline's maiden name was Stevens, and she was a sister of Uriah Smith's wife, Harriet. Angeline endured many lonely months in order that J. N. Andrews might travel from place to place preaching the third angel's message. Often her diary contained passages like this one written in the summer of 1860: "Received a letter from my dear husband, also his picture. I can hardly be reconciled to his long absence. . . . He is one of the kindest and best husbands, and it is a great sacrifice to us both to be thus separated." The Andrews' lived in Rochester for several periods of time, including the period from 1864 until Angeline's death in 1872. Their home, at 313 Main Street, has long since been replaced by commercial buildings.

Buried on her mother's right is Carrie Matilda Andrews, who died of dysentery in September of 1865 when she was only a little more than a year old. J. N. Andrews, on a preaching tour in Maine when Carrie died, was unable to return for the funeral.

Angeline's brother-in-law, Uriah Smith, was with the Whites at Dansville at the time, and he came up to Rochester to conduct the service.



Angeline and Carrie's Graves

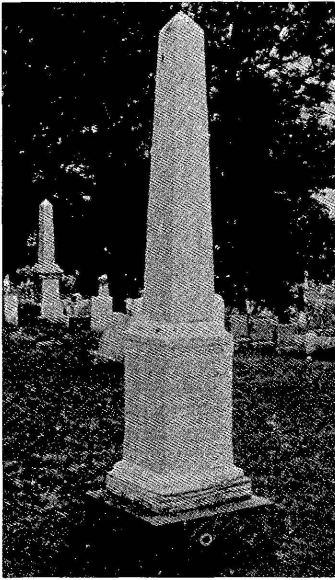
Buried on her mother's left in a grave which is still unmarked (at this writing), is Mary Frances Andrews, daughter of J. N. and Angeline Andrews. After her mother's death, Mary and her brother Charles accompanied their father to Switzerland where they proved of in-

valuable assistance to him. J.N. Andrews wrote: "Mary is a very valuable helper in French. She reads the paper (the French *Signs of the Times*) several times over and . . . sometimes finds grammatical errors that have escaped (Bro. Aufranc's) eye. He says she can speak French as though she were a French girl." But by September 1878 Mary had contracted tuberculosis. She came home with her father when he returned to attend the General Conference of 1878. She died November 27 of that year. J. N. Andrews' only other child, a son, Charles, lived to adulthood and worked for the Review and Herald Publishing Association for many years. He is buried in Washington, D.C.



J. N. Andrews with Family

One other Adventist grave in Mt. Hope Cemetery attracts our attention. This is the grave of Jonathan Orton, a close friend of J. N. Loughborough, and a prominent layman in Rochester for many years. In the early days church services were often conducted



Orton Grave

in the Orton home on Union Street. Jonathan was a hackman, and would meet traveling preachers with his carriage to take them to his home overnight.

In December of 1865 he was among those who prayed so earnestly for James White's recovery. J. N. Loughborough later recalled that Mrs. White, after coming out of her December 25 vision, warned those who had prayed for her husband that Satan was very angry with them and would seek to harm them. She cautioned them to live very close to the Lord. Mr. Orton's life had already been threatened by an ex-convict with whom he had been involved in a lawsuit. The following March, Jonathan-Orton was bludgeoned to

death in his barn by an assailant who was never apprehended. This unsolved murder, together with Mrs. White's warning, has led some to call Jonathan Orton the first Adventist martyr.

Heirloom

Frederick Douglass Recalls the Falling of the Stars

"I witnessed this gorgeous spectacle, and was awe-struck. The air seemed filled with bright descending messengers from the sky. It was about daybreak when I saw this sublime scene. I was not without the suggestion, at the moment, that it might be the harbinger of the coming of the Son of Man; and in my then state of mind I was prepared to hail Him as my friend and deliverer. I had read that the 'stars shall fall from heaven,' and they were now falling. I was suffering very much in my mind. It did seem that every time the young tendrils of my affection became attached, they were rudely broken by some unnatural outside power; and I was beginning to look away to heaven for the rest denied me on earth." —Frederick Douglass, *My Bondage and My Freedom* (New York, 1855), pp. 186-187.

Port Gibson, New York

Directions

Hiram Edson's Farm, Port Gibson, New York

Take the New York State Thruway east to Exit 43, the Manchester Exit, and take Highway 21 north two miles to Hill Cumorah. A little over a mile further north on Highway 21 north, turn left on Armington Road, then right on Stafford Road to the Joseph Smith home and "sacred grove." Continue north on Stafford Road to Main Street in Palmyra, which is Highway 31. Turn right and proceed eastward through Palmyra to Port Gibson.

If you choose to skip the Mormon sites, simply go north on Highway 21 to Palmyra, then turn right on Main Street/Route 31, and proceed east to Port Gibson.

Port Gibson is about four miles from Palmyra. Turn right just past the town sign and go south through the little settlement of Port Gibson. You will be on Atwater Road or County Road 7. (On the north side of Highway 31 this is Port Gibson Road.) Take County Road 7 about a mile south of town to County Road 27. The Hiram Edson home (house number 281) will be on your left facing County Road 27. To your right will be a barn and some farm buildings, and beyond these, about 60 or 70 yards to the west will be a flat, raised area on the edge of the road. In this area stood Hiram Edson's barn, which was removed some years ago.

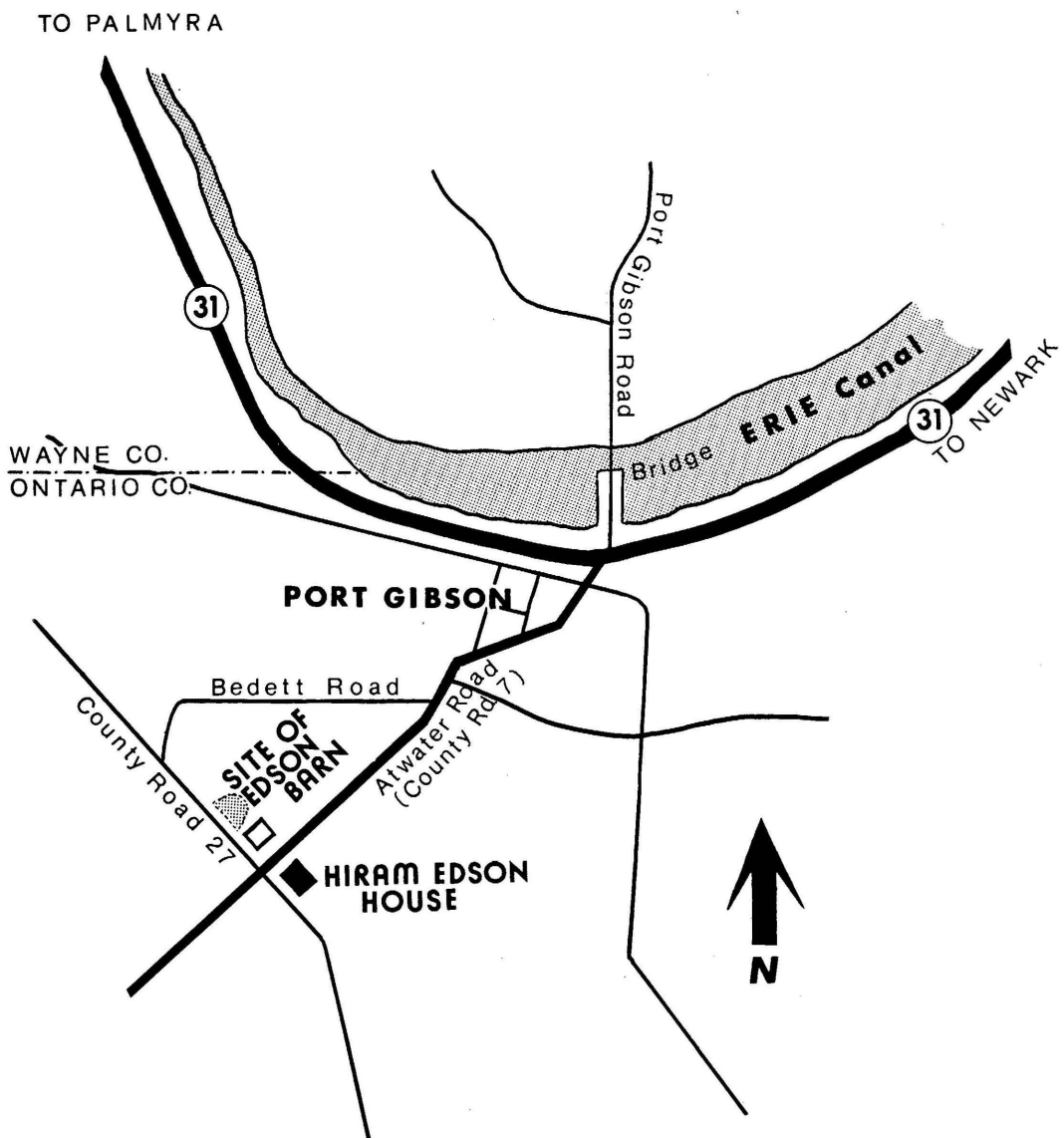
America Along The Way

The Mormon Sites

On our way to Port Gibson, we pass through the area where the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly known as the Mormon Church, had its beginnings.

Mormons believe that their prophet, Joseph Smith, was directed by an angel named Moroni to go to Hill Cumorah in September of 1823. Moroni is supposed to have told Smith that a book was deposited there, written on golden plates, which told the story of the ancient inhabitants of America and of the visit of Jesus Christ to them during which He preached the gospel in its fullness.

After four annual visits to Hill Cumorah, Smith was allowed to remove the golden plates, and according to Mormon belief, to translate them into English by divine aid. This was the origin of the Book of Mormon and led to the founding of the Mormon Church in 1830. Several witnesses, whose testimonies are recorded in the Hill Cumorah Visitor's Center, claim to have seen the golden plates before they were taken up to heaven.



Not far from Hill Cumorah, on Stafford Road, is the home where Joseph Smith lived from 1825 to 1828. There Smith is said to have safeguarded the golden plates under one of the original hearthstones. Near the Smith home is the "Sacred Grove" where as a boy of 14 Joseph Smith had his first vision.

The Erie Canal

The Erie Canal, first opened in 1825, stretches between Buffalo and Lake Erie on the west, to Albany and the Hudson River on the east. From its first modest proportions, which sufficed for the small shallow-draft canal boats of the time, it has twice been enlarged, deepened, and broadened, in some places its course being changed.

The old canal, where it passed Port Gibson in Edson's day, is now abandoned, being only a ditch, in places deep, in others completely filled. On the towpath of that day now runs the highway, between the old ditch and the new canal. At this place the new canal fills the broad lowlands, forming a lake about three miles long, known as The Widewaters.

The little town rises rather steeply from the canal and the main road. Long ago, in the early days before any railroad was built, Port Gibson was the main shipping point for grain and other produce from all the country, beginning at the Finger Lakes below and extending to the St. Lawrence; and even in the 40's there was much traffic. A deep ravine, with a small stream fed by springs, lies on the east side of the town, connecting with the old ditch, and here the water backed up to form The Basin.

There were three types of canal boat in those days, all mule drawn: the first was the freight boat, varying in size, and carrying all the way from twenty-five to a hundred tons of freight; the second was the line boat, which carried both freight and passengers, but with comparatively poor accommodations for the latter; the third was the packet, devoted wholly to passengers, with provision for both eating and sleeping. Naturally the packet moved the most swiftly. When the packet overtook a line boat, the towline of the latter was dropped, allowing the packet to speed by, and then the line boat picked up its rope again.

You will catch an interesting exchange between the two if you read a passage in Ellen G. White's *Life Sketches*, page 113. It was in the very early times of the message, 1848, and Joseph Bates and James and Ellen White were holding their first

meetings in New York. They had just concluded a meeting in Hiram Edson's barn at Port Gibson, and started for New York City via the canal. Being too late for one packet, they took a line boat here, and when the next packet came along, they prepared to transfer to it. But the packet did not stop, so they jumped aboard. Elder Bates was not going with them, but he had their fare, which he held out to the captain, who failed to take it. Seeing the boat moving off, Bates jumped for it, but his foot stuck in the rail, and he fell back into the canal. With his pocketbook in one hand and a dollar bill in the other, he began swimming. His hat fell off, and in grasping for that he lost his dollar bill, but kept his pocketbook. Then the packet stopped and took him on board. This wetting in the dirty water of the canal changed their plans for the rest of the trip. —See' A. W. Spalding, *Footprints*, pp. 75-76.

Time Capsule

Port Gibson, New York

1844, Oct. 23, Hiram Edson impressed that the sanctuary of Dan 8:14 is in heaven.

It Happened Here

Port Gibson, New York

It was the morning of October 23, 1844, a gray dawn for thousands and ten thousands of the followers of William Miller, who had confidently looked for the Lord to come on the tenth day of the seventh month, October 22. They had closed their earthly businesses; they had sought to set their hearts right with God and with their fellow men; they had taken farewell of earth. This day they had hoped to be in glory.

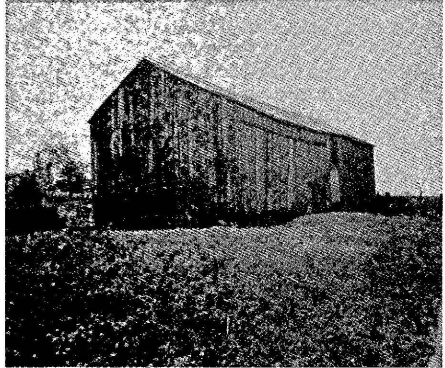
The twenty-second had dawned a day of hope for a little company in the town of Port Gibson, New York, on the Erie Canal. Hiram Edson, a farmer and lay preacher, was their leader. Although sometimes their meetings had been held in a schoolhouse up the canal, often, as on this day, they congregated at Edson's farmhouse, a mile south of town.

Through the bright shining day, until the sun went down, they watched and waited, strengthening one another in hope with a recital of the promises and the prophecies. Then with quaking hearts they watched on till midnight. The day was gone, and in apprehension they waited for the dawn. It came with clouds, but not the clouds of glory surrounding the King; they were the old drab wrappings of a desolate earth.

"What can it mean?" They looked into one another's anguished faces. "Is our Saviour not coming? Are the prophecies false? Is the Bible untrue? Is there no God?"

"Not so, brethren," said Hiram Edson. "Many, many times the Lord has sent us help and light when we needed it. There is a God, and He will hear us."

Most of the friends left with the dawn, and went back to their homes. But Edson and the few remaining went, at his suggestion, out to his barn. Entering the empty granary, they shut the door and knelt to pray. They prayed until comfort came to their hearts, and assurance that in His good time Christ would explain to them their disappointment.



Edson Barn (no longer standing)

One brother remained to breakfast; perhaps it was Owen Crozier. After breakfast Edson said to him, "Let us go out to comfort the brethren with the assurance we have received."

Not wishing, I suppose, to meet any of the neighbors who might taunt them, they started, not by the road, but across the rough ground of a cornfield in which the corn had been cut and stood in shocks. The two men went silently, each engrossed in his own thoughts.

As they neared the middle of the field, Edson was stopped. Heaven seemed to open to his view. He later wrote: "I saw distinctly and clearly that instead of our High Priest coming OUT of the Most Holy of the heavenly sanctuary to come to this earth (on October 22) . . . that He for the first time ENTERED on that day the second apartment of that sanctuary; and that He had work to perform in the Most Holy before coming to this earth."

His friend had crossed to the other side and stopped by the fence. He looked back and saw Edson with face uplifted, looking and listening. "Brother Edson," he called, "why are you stopping so long?"

To which Edson replied, "The Lord is answering our morning prayer, giving light with regard to our disappointment."

After this experience Edson and a friend, Dr. F. B. Hahn, along with O.R.L. Crozier (a younger man, and their protege), began in earnest to study out the Scripture proof of Edson's revelation. In a few months they felt they were ready. Edson

and Hahn, before the Disappointment, had published at irregular intervals a little paper in Canandaigua called *The Day-Dawn*, which heralded the coming. Its first issue was reported in the *Day-Star* of April 15, 1845. Now Edson said, "Let us publish this truth." Crozier, the best author in the group, was commissioned by Edson and Hahn to write the results of their research. Enoch Jacobs, a friendly Adventist editor in Cincinnati, agreed to publish the article in his journal, the *Day-Star*. It would cost about \$30 and Edson and Hahn together could not come up with even half that amount, so Mrs. Edson sold some of her silverware to help out. The men hoped that grateful readers would send contributions to cover the balance.

Edson meanwhile had sent copies of his little paper to as many addresses as he could gather. One of these reached Joseph Bates; another, James White. At that time, in the spring of 1845, Bates had just accepted the seventh-day Sabbath, but White had not. After reading Crozier's article, Bates became convinced that the sanctuary to be cleansed is in heaven, and is as real a temple as the New Jerusalem itself. With a desire to spread the new light, he wrote a tract entitled, "The Opening Heavens." An ex-sea captain, he added further evidence from astronomy and from the Bible as well. He then traveled all the way to Port Gibson to compare notes with Edson, Crozier, and Hahn. Before his visit ended, all three had become Sabbathkeepers.

Edson joyfully accepted this newly highlighted Bible truth, for he had already been thinking along that line. But Crozier said, "Better go slowly, brethren, better go slowly. Don't step on new planks until you know they will hold you up."

"I have been studying the question for a long time," answered Edson. "I have put my weight upon it, and I know it will hold us up."

Crozier, however, accepted with reluctance and after only a year or two he turned against it and became a vigorous opponent.

Nevertheless, the truth went forward. In the fall of 1846 James and Ellen White accepted the Sabbath as a result of reading Joseph Bates' most famous tract, "The Seventh Day Sabbath, a Perpetual Sign." Even before that they had received the sanctuary truth. And thus was formed the nucleus of the company that would later be known as Seventh-day Adventists. The *Day-Dawn* and the *Day-Star*, in their very names, were prophetic. —Adapted from A.W. Spalding's *Footprints* pp. 73-82, and C.M. Maxwell, *Tell It To The World*, pp. 40-76.

Hydesville, New York

Directions

Hydesville, New York

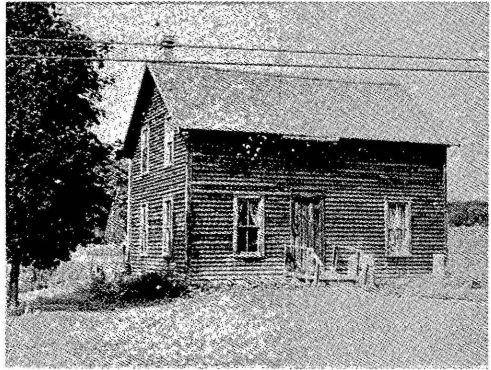
Return to Highway 31 and turn right, going east to Newark. In Newark, take Highway 88 north 1.4 miles to Hydesville Road. Then turn left and drive .6 mile to corner of Parker Road and the restored home of the Fox Sisters on your right. A monument stands by the front porch.

America Along The Way

The Fox Home, Hydesville, New York

In 1847, John and Margaret Fox and their two girls, Margaret and Kate, settled on a modest farm in Hydesville, New York. The farm house seen in Hydesville today is a replica of the original.

In the spring of 1848 mysterious rappings began in the girls' bedroom.

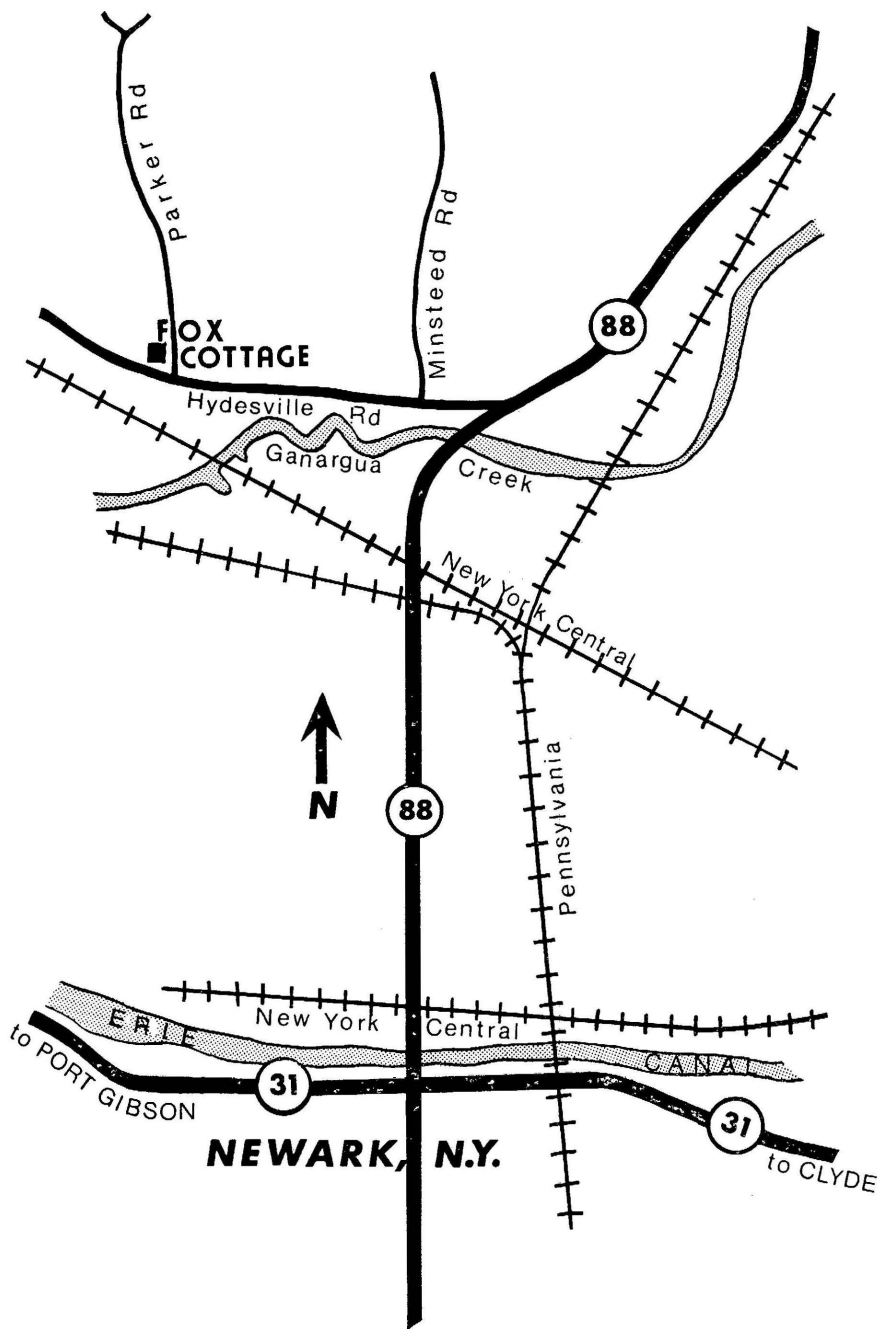


Fox Cottage (reconstructed)

The children, though frightened, were curious, and on an impulse Kate said, "Mr. Splitfoot, do as I do," and clapped her hands. The same number of raps replied. The mother asked the ages of her children—she had six, although only two were living at home at the time. All the ages were given correctly, even the age at death of the one who had died. In a matter of days the house was thronged with curious neighbors, and by the early 1850's more than a million people in the United States and England accepted the sounds as proof of life after death.

When the Fox sisters, Margaret and Kate, were sent away to live with relatives, the rappings followed them. In 1849, the first of many public demonstrations was arranged in Rochester, New York, and thenceforth the phenomena was known as the "Rochester rappings."

Kate and Margaret held seances which sometimes included seemingly automatic slate writing and apparent materialization of dead persons. Their performances led to the formation of spiritualist organizations.



Margaret Fox became a Roman Catholic in 1858 and largely gave up spirit rapping. However, both she and her sister suffered from alcoholism and both sank deeper and deeper in poverty, humiliation, and drink.

In 1888 Margaret Fox announced that the rappings had been faked by her and her sister by cracking their big toes, but a year later she recanted, claiming that she had been tricked into making a false confession. Kate died in 1892, Margaret in 1893. Both are buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. White tells how she was asked if she believed in the "rappings that had just commenced in Rochester" (*Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. 2, p. 142). This was as she was traveling on the Erie Canal from Centerport to Utica, New York, in 1850. She replied that she believed there was a reality to it, but that it was an evil spirit, instead of a good one. The questioners were much offended by this response, declaring it blasphemy to attribute to Satan what they believed was the work of the spirits of the departed dead then residing in heaven.

In a letter to Brother and Sister Hastings, written some time between March 24 and 30, 1849, Ellen White described what she had been shown about the "rappings:" "I saw that the mysterious knocking in New York was the power of Satan clothed in a religious garb to lull the deceived to more security and to draw the minds of God's people to look at that and cause them to doubt the teachings of God among His people"—*Letter 5*, 1849.

Volney, New York

Directions

Hydesville to David Arnold's Barn, Volney, New York

After visiting Hydesville, return to Newark via Highway 88 and turn left at Highway 31 and proceed eastward to Lyons. At Lyons, take Highway 14 north approximately 11 miles, then take Highway 104 east to Hannibal and Highway 3 east through to Fulton. Be alert for County Road 6 about 2.3 miles after crossing the railroad on the outskirts of Fulton. Turn left on County Road 6 and proceed northward about 2.5 miles to County Road 45, turn left and go west 1.7 miles, and just before reaching Mt. Pleasant you will see David Arnold's barn on your right. The barn has two parts, each with a different shape of roof, and the portion facing the road has a modern garage door on it. The house has a flat roof.

Time Capsule

Volney, New York

1848, First conference of Sabbath-keeping Adventists in New York State, held in David Arnold's barn.

It Happened Here

David Arnold's Barn

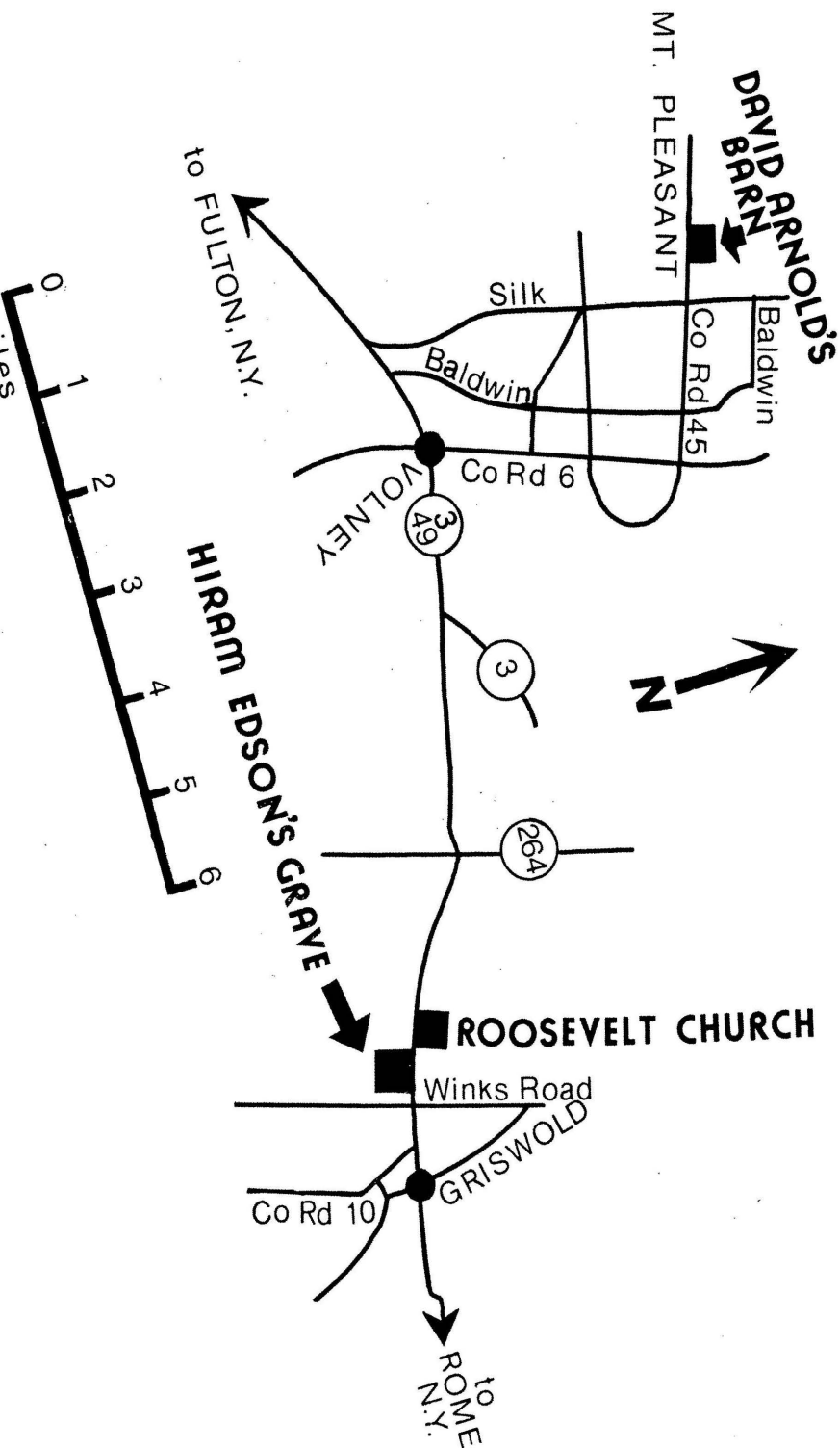
David Arnold was a Millerite who accepted the Sabbatarian position soon after 1844. The first conference of Sabbath-keeping Adventists in New York State was held in his barn or, as some say, carriage house, at Volney on August



David Arnold's Barn Today

18, 1848. He wrote rather extensively for the early SDA papers. (See *SDA Encyclopedia*, p. 83.)

"There were about thirty-five present, all that could be collected in that part of the State. There were hardly two agreed. Each was strenuous for his views, declaring that they were according to the Bible. All were anxious for an opportunity to advance their sentiments, or to preach to us. They were told that we had not come so great a distance to hear them, but had come to teach them the truth. Brother Arnold held that the 1000 years of Rev. 20 were in the past; and that the 144,000



were those raised at Christ's resurrection. And as we had the emblem of our dying Lord before us, and were about to commemorate His sufferings, Brother A arose and said he had no faith in what we were about to do; that the sacrament was a continuation of the Passover, to be observed but once a year.

"These strange differences of opinion rolled a heavy weight upon me, especially as Bro. A spoke of the 1000 years being in the past. I knew that he was in error, and great grief pressed my spirits; for it seemed to me that God was dishonored. I fainted under the burden. Brethren Bates, Chamberlain, Gurney, Edson, and my husband, prayed for me. Some feared I was dying. But the Lord heard the prayers of His servants, and I revived. The light of Heaven rested upon me. I was soon lost to earthly things. My accompanying angel presented before me some of the errors of those present, and also the truth in contrast with their errors. That these discordant views, which they claimed to be according to the Bible, were only according to their opinion of the Bible, and that their errors must be yielded, and they unite upon the third angel's message. Our meeting ended victoriously. Truth gained the victory. —Ellen G. White, *Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. II, pp. 97-99.

J. N. Loughborough explained later: "The reason these persons gave up their differences was not simply because Sr. White said they must give them up, but because in the same vision they were pointed to plain statements of Scripture that refuted their false theories, and had presented before them in contrast a straight and harmonious track of Bible truth" —*Review and Herald*, Vol. 62 (Mar. 3, 1885), p. 138.

Roosevelt, New York

Directions

Volney to the Roosevelt Church

After visiting David Arnold's barn, return to Volney and take Highway 3 eastward to Highway 49, then take 49 eastward toward Central Square. Almost 6 miles east of Volney you will come to the Roosevelt Church on your left.

Hiram Edson is buried in the cemetery across the highway from the Roosevelt Church. Entering the cemetery at the gate nearest the church you will notice just in front of you the monument for the Ross family, and on the side facing the road the name of Alexander Ross (1810-1888).

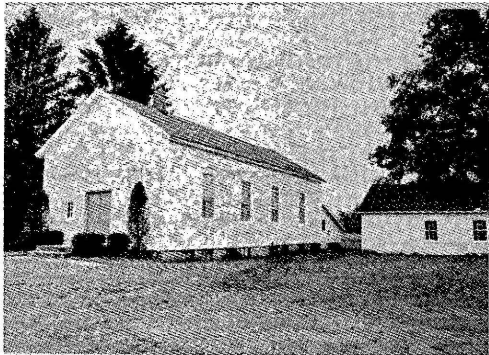
To find Hiram Edson's grave, go down toward the low portion of the cemetery where you will see an old pump. Beyond this there is a large fir tree and a large monument with an urn on top (for Riefenkugle). About twenty feet beyond that monument is Hiram Edson's grave marker.

It Happened Here

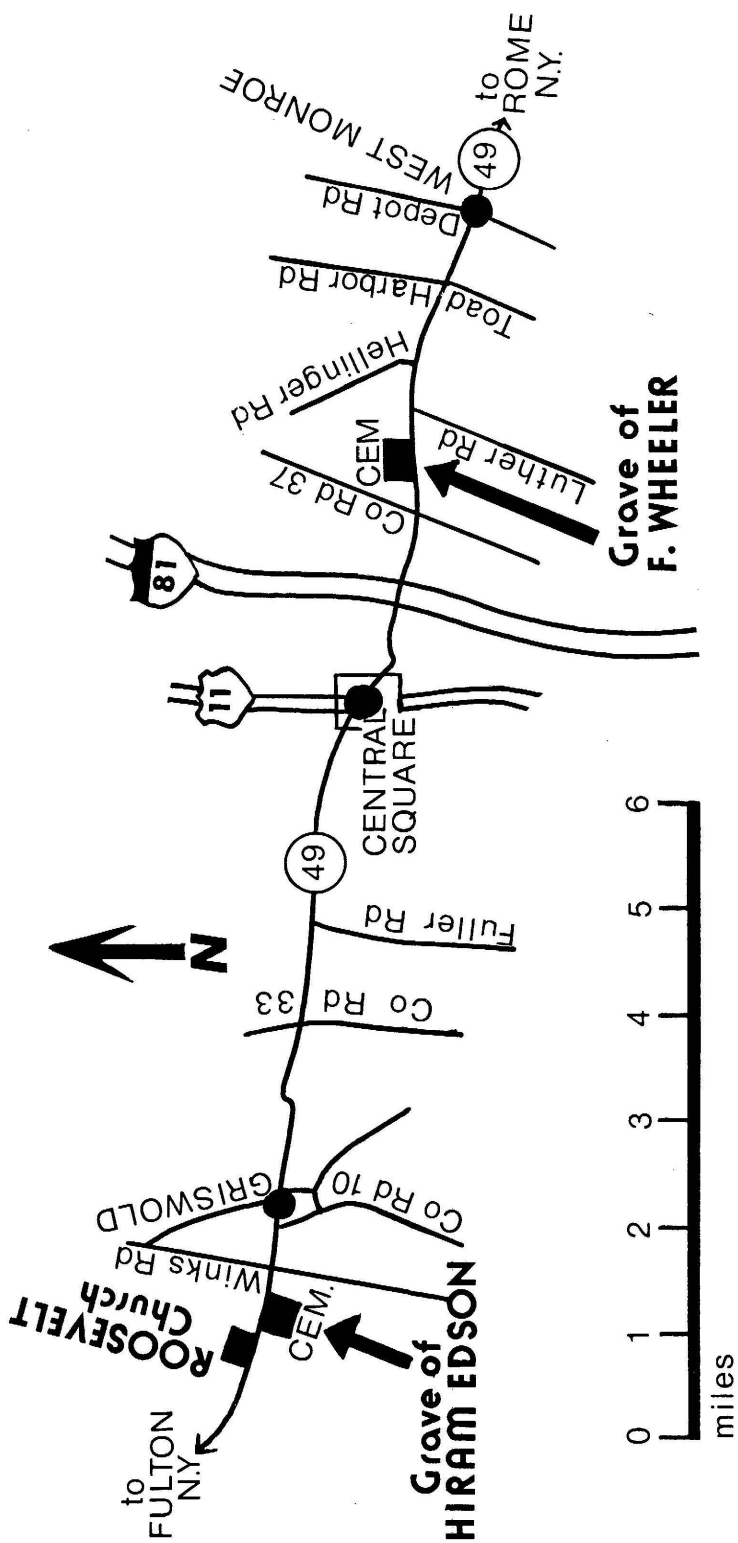
The Roosevelt Seventh-day Adventist Church is the oldest church built by Seventh-day Adventists which is still in weekly use. It was built in 1858. On August 3, 1861, Ellen White had an extensive vision in this church, covering such topics as organization, our duty to the poor,

and the sin of slavery. (See *Testimonies* Vol. 1, pp. 264-276.) In vision she was also permitted to view the Battle of Manassas, Virginia, sometimes called the first Battle of Bull Run, which had taken place on July 21. In this first major action of the Civil War, the Union forces were, much to their surprise, defeated. "It was a most exciting, distressing scene," Mrs. White reported. "The Northern army was moving on with triumph, not doubting but that they would be victorious. . . . They rushed into battle and fought bravely, desperately. The dead and dying were on every side. . . . The Northern men were rushing on, although their

Roosevelt, New York



Roosevelt Church



destruction was very great. Just then an angel descended and waved his hand backward. Instantly there was confusion in the ranks. It appeared to the Northern men that their troops were retreating, when it was not so in reality, and a precipitate retreat commenced. This seemed wonderful to me." —*Testimonies*, Vol. 1, pp. 266-267.

W. W. Blackford, a Lieutenant Colonel in the Confederate Army, gave an eyewitness account of the same scene as it had appeared to him. It was about four o'clock that the moment came: "But now the most extraordinary spectacle I have ever witnessed took place. I had been gazing at the numerous well-formed lines as they moved forward to the attack, some fifteen or twenty thousand strong in full view, and for some reason had turned my head in another direction for a moment, when someone exclaimed, pointing to the battle field, 'Look! Look!' I looked, and what a change had taken place in an instant. Where those well-dressed, well-defined lines, with clear spaces between, had been steadily pressing forward, the whole field was a confused swarm of men, like bees, running away as fast as their legs could carry them, with all order and organization abandoned." —W. C. Blackford, *War Years with Jeb Stuart* (New York, 1946), p. 33.

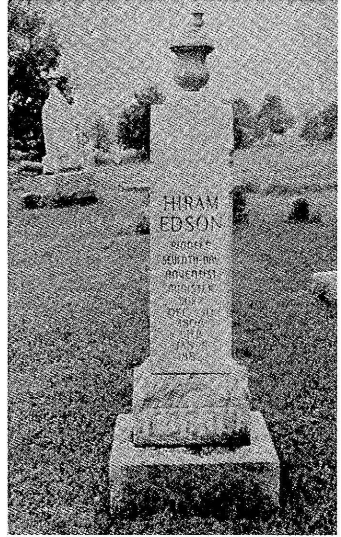
W. C. White, then nearly seven years old, was present during that meeting in Roosevelt, and saw his mother in public vision for the first time. "The room was filled with earnest people," he later wrote. "James White had given a discourse. As was very common in those days, he spoke a short sermon, and his wife then spoke for a time. They had both spoken. They knelt in prayer, and as Ellen White prayed, she fell backward. . . . There was always a period immediately after she entered into vision when her body was limp, and frequently when before a congregation, James White would put his arm beneath her and lift her up sufficiently so that the congregation could see her eyes and her face and could hear more readily what she said.

"In this case, James White moved to her side, put his arm underneath her shoulder and lifted her up, and she remained in that position for a time. Then, after coming out of vision, she stood upon her feet and told the people about the war and what they might expect." (Statement by W. C. White at the Advanced Bible School, July, 1934.)

The grave of Alexander Ross in the Roosevelt Cemetery is also of interest. Alexander Ross was one of the few Seventh-day Adventists who was a Southern sympathizer during the American Civil War. His views in favor of slavery were condemned by Ellen White in *Testimonies*, Vol. 1, p. 359, where

she wrote, "I saw that you, Brother A [Ross], have permitted your political principles to destroy your judgment. . . . Your views of slavery cannot harmonize with the sacred, important truths for this time. You must yield your views or the truth."

Brother Ross took this reproof to heart and sent his confession to the *Review*, stating: "The enemy of righteousness has well-nigh destroyed me, by stirring up old preconceived political opinions, so that I became a blind apologist for slavery and a sympathizer with the rebellion, which I feel assured is a great sin in the sight of heaven. . . . That letter to A.R. in Testimony 9 [now a part of Vol. 1] . . . I acknowledge to be just and true. I do thank the Lord, and also Sr. White for the testimony" —*Review and Herald* (April 21, 1863), p. 167.



Edson Grave

Time Capsule

Roosevelt, New York

1858, Roosevelt Church built.

1861, August 3, E. G. White has vision of Battle of Manassas here.

1882, Hiram Edson dies, is buried here.

West Monroe, New York

Directions

Frederick Wheeler's Grave, West Monroe Cemetery

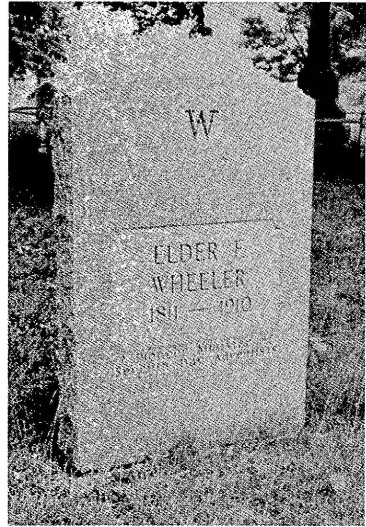
From the Roosevelt Church, proceed east on Highway 49. About two miles east of Central Square at the crest of a little hill, you will see West Monroe Cemetery on your left. There will be a silver tool shed next to the road. Go in at the gate just to the west of the shed. On your right you will see two pine trees, and beyond these a clearing with a large maple tree at the back of it. Just in front of the maple tree is Frederick Wheeler's grave. The grave is about 30 yards back from the highway and almost on a line behind the tool shed.

It Happened Here

Frederick Wheeler's Grave

Frederick Wheeler is revered as the first ordained minister who was both an Adventist and a Sabbath-keeper. Not much is known of his early life, but in 1840 he was ordained a minister in the Methodist Church and assigned to the circuit which included the Washington, New Hampshire, Church. In 1842, he became acquainted with William Miller's expositions of Bible prophecy and accepted the teaching that Christ was about to return. In 1844, before the disappointment, he also came to accept the seventh-day Sabbath after conversations with Rachel Oakes (later Preston).

Wheeler preached and farmed in the neighborhood of Washington, New Hampshire, until 1851, when James White encouraged him to enter the traveling ministry. In 1857 he moved to New York State, and in 1861 settled on a farm in West Monroe, New York. He then remained a farmer till his death at age 99 in 1910.



F. Wheeler Grave

William Miller Sites

Directions

Frederick Wheeler's Grave to William Miller Sites

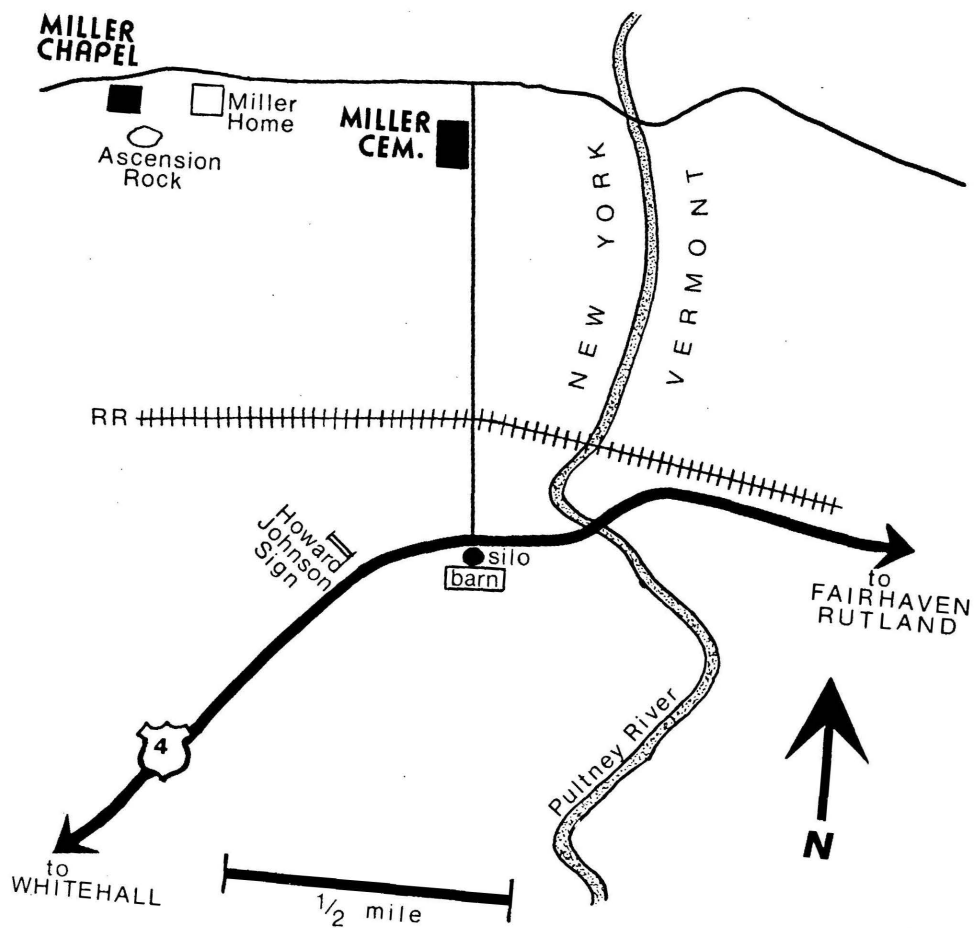
From Frederick Wheeler's grave, continue east on Highway 40 to Rome, New York, and follow the signs to the New York State Thruway, Interstate 90. Take the Thruway going east to Amsterdam, New York, Exit 27. From Amsterdam, take Highway 67 east to Ballston Spa, then take Highway 50 north to Saratoga Springs. Go north on Interstate 87 to a little north of Glens Falls where Highway 149 leads east to Fort Ann. From Fort Ann, take Highway 22/4 to Whitehall. From Whitehall go six miles east toward Fairhaven, Vermont. As you approach the road to the William Miller cemetery and chapel the road will straighten out and you will see a small sign pointing left toward the chapel. The road will be directly opposite a large barn with a slate roof and an old wooden silo beside it. (Just beyond this point on Highway 4 is the bridge that crosses the small river separating New York from Vermont.) Take the road to your left .6 mile to William Miller cemetery on your left. Enter the cemetery and you will find William Miller's grave just about in the center of the left half of the cemetery. It is a monument nearly six feet tall with a scroll type design on the top of it.

Continue on to the T in the road where a sign points you left toward the William Miller Chapel. You will go a little more than .6 of a mile on this road and you will reach the chapel on your left. Just before reaching the chapel a driveway leads to a house barely visible in the woods. This was William Miller's house, which has recently been purchased by Adventist Historic Properties and is being restored. Behind the chapel and off to the left is Ascension Rock.

America Along The Way

On Route 49/46 near Rome, New York, is located the rustic Erie Canal Village, circa 1840, set near the spot where the first work was done on the Erie Canal. The Village offers packet-boat rides along a refurbished section of the original canal, a steam railroad from the 1890's, and several nineteenth-century buildings and exhibits.

Fort Stanwix National Monument in the center of Rome offers a beautiful reproduction of a Revolutionary War fort. The fort was first built during the French and Indian War in the late 1750's. General Washington ordered it restored and garrisoned during the American Revolution. In 1777 it was attacked by a force of British and Indians, but it successfully withstood a three-week siege. The treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784 ended conflict with the Iroquois and permitted westward expansion.



Saratoga National Historical Park, near Saratoga Springs (eight miles south of Schuylerville on Highway 4), commemorates the battles of Saratoga, September 19 and October 7, 1777, during which the Americans under General Gates defeated General Burgoyne and the British. The victory prevented British control of the Hudson River and convinced the French that they should aid the colonists.

Time Capsule

William Miller (1782-1849)

- 1803, Miller marries Lucy P. Smith.
- 1813, Miller begins two years service in United States Army during War of 1812.
- 1816, Miller converted to Christianity from skepticism.
- 1818, Miller concludes from Bible study that Christ will come about 1843.
- 1818, Miller begins five years of intensive re-examination of Scripture teaching on coming of Christ.
- 1831, Called to "tell it to the world," Miller begins to preach.
- 1840, Joshua V. Himes joins Miller, begins to publish the *Signs of the Times*.
- 1844, Spring, First disappointment as the Jewish year 1843 passes.
- 1844, August, S. S. Snow announces Oct. 22 date at Exeter, New Hampshire. This known as "The Midnight Cry."
- 1844, October 22, the Great Disappointment.
- 1848, Miller builds small chapel near his home.
- 1849, December 21, William Miller dies.

It Happened Here

About William Miller

William Miller (1782-1849) was an American farmer and Baptist preacher born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and reared in Low Hampton, in northern New York, almost on the Vermont line. He was largely self-educated. Upon his marriage to Lucy P. Smith in 1803, he moved to Poultney, Vermont. Through friendship with several prominent citizens who were Deists, Miller abandoned his religious convictions and became an avowed skeptic.

In the War of 1812 Miller served as lieutenant and captain. At the close of the war he moved his family to Low Hampton, where he hoped to live quietly as a farmer through his remaining years. At various times he served his community as deputy sheriff and justice of the peace. But Miller was not at peace with himself, for he was at heart a deeply religious man. In 1816 he was converted. Challenged by his skeptical friends, he set out to study the Bible.

Miller concluded that Scripture "is its own interpreter," and that the words ought to be understood literally, that is, in their

ordinary historical and grammatical sense, except in those instances where the writer used figurative language. In his study of the prophecies he reached the conclusion that the writers pointed to his day as the last period of earth's history. Specifically, he put his first and greatest emphasis on the prophetic declaration, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed" (Daniel 8:14), from which he reached his conclusion in 1818, at the close of two years' study of the Bible, that "in about twenty-five years all the affairs of our present state would be wound up".

Finally in August, 1831, he agreed to preach his message for the first time. The preaching of the soon coming of Christ seemed naturally and inevitably to lead men to seek to make ready for that solemn event.

In 1882 Miller published a series of eight articles in the *Vermont Telegraph*, a Baptist weekly. In 1833 he incorporated these articles into a pamphlet. In that year he was given a license to preach by the Baptists, and by the close of 1834 he was devoting his whole time to preaching.

From October, 1834, to June, 1839, Miller's manuscript record book lists 800 lectures that he had given. He accomplished this singlehandedly at his own expense; and with no theological training, wholly in response to direct invitations.

In December, 1839, he was invited by Joshua V. Himes, of the Christian Connection, to speak in Boston. Himes assured "Father Miller" that "doors should be opened in every city in the Union, and the warning should go to the ends of the earth." Himes, an abolitionist and a born promoter, immediately began publication of *The Signs of the Times*. Thus was launched the extensive publication activities of the Millerites.

From 1840 onward Millerism was no longer the activity of one man primarily, but of a great and increasing group of men. Miller kept closely in touch with the activities of the movement, even when he was absent from the lecture platform because of illness.

What type of man was Miller that he could persuade preachers of different denominations to accept his teaching? There must have been a certain force and appeal not only in the earnestness of the man but in the logical way in which he marshaled his arguments. He lived in a day when it was not uncommon for preachers to make a major appeal to the emotions, yet he did not appeal primarily to the emotions, but to the intellect through a reading of the Word.

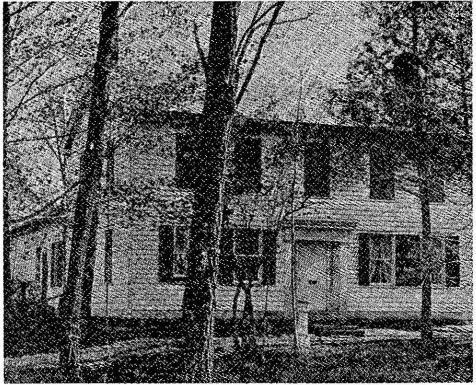
Miller used the general phrase "about the year 1843" to describe his belief as to the time of the advent until in January, 1843, he set forth the time as some time "between March 21st,

1843, and March 21st, 1844." He never set a date or day within this period.

After the passing of Oct. 22, 1844—a date that Miller did not set, but accepted at the last moment—he believed that perhaps a small error in the reckoning of chronology might still explain the Lord's delay in coming. —Condensed from *SDA Encyclopedia*, pp. 889-891.

William Miller Becomes a Preacher

It was a summer's morning in 1831. Breakfast was finished, and Miller went to his study to "examine some point." There was now only one subject of all-consuming interest to him. True, he was a farmer interested in his crops, and a justice of the peace interested in the lawful handling of community af-



Miller Home (about 1940)

airs; as an abolitionist, he helped slaves escape to Canada, but he was above all else a Bible student absorbed in his investigation of Scripture, particularly of prophecy.

Suddenly he was overwhelmed with the conviction that he should go out and tell the world what he had learned. The conviction was deep, but his objections and protests were as real as ever, even though the year was now 1831 and his knowledge was more full than when the impression first came to him that he should go out. But all the excuses he could muster failed to silence the voice that so clamorously demanded, "Go and tell it to the world." Said he, in relating the experience:

"My distress was so great, I entered into a solemn covenant with God, that if He would open the way, I would go and perform my duty to the world. 'What do you mean by opening the way?' seemed to come to me. Why, said I, if I should have an invitation to speak publicly in any place, I will go. I rejoiced that I should not probably be thus called upon; for I had never had such an invitation."

Even as he was making such apparently safe terms with the Lord, there was traveling down the highway from the nearby

town of Dresden a young man bearing an invitation to him to preach the following day, for this was a Saturday morning.

The youth entered Miller's study and announced that there was to be no preaching in the church at Dresden on the morrow, and that his father wanted him to come and talk to the people on the second advent of Christ. Miller was too astonished even to reply. He walked out of the room "angry with myself," said he, "for having made the covenant I had; I rebelled at once against the Lord, and determined not to go." Through the house and out the back door he went. Following close behind was six-year-old Lucy Ann. He was headed for a nearby grove where he could pray. The inner conflict was so great that it was soon evident on his countenance and in his walk. Hurrying back into the house Lucy announced in frightened tones to her mother, "Something's the matter with daddy."

There was. He was at the great turning point in his life. There went into that grove a farmer; there came out a preacher. When he returned to the house the youth was still waiting for his answer. After dinner Miller left with him for Dresden. It was probably the longest sixteen miles he had ever traveled.

The next morning, Sunday, he found a well-filled house of attentive people waiting for his message. —See F. D. Nichol, *The Midnight Cry*, pp. 43-45.

The Miller Chapel

Near the Miller home is the neat chapel he built in 1848, four years after the Disappointment and but one year before his death, when his Baptist church had cast him out. The Advent Christian Church now owns it, though it is maintained primarily by Seventh-day Adventists. A little light on Adventist history should here be let in.



Miller Chapel

After the Disappointment of October 22, 1844, when there was a scattering of believers and a confusion of beliefs, Joshua

V. Himes, with Miller, Litch, Bliss, and some other leaders, sought to hold all Adventist factions together; and for this purpose called a meeting at Albany, New York, on April 29, 1845. This Albany Conference had a very considerable representation, but notable among the absentees were Joseph Marsh, editor of the *Voice of Truth*, in Rochester, New York; George Storrs, who had introduced to Adventists the doctrine of conditional immortality, or the sleep of the dead, and who had a paper of his own, *The Bible Examiner*, of New York City; and Enoch Jacobs, editor of *The Day-Star*, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Neither was Joseph Bates there, nor James White, but the latter was young and only locally influential then. These two had not yet joined together or formed a party. Indeed, Bates had only this very month accepted the seventh-day Sabbath, and White was yet a year and a half away from that. There was no body known as Seventh-day Adventists.

The Albany Conference was only partially successful in its purpose, though Himes, and Miller for the four years he yet lived, were generally acknowledged as the leaders of the Adventists. Storrs' party, however, definitely separated, and there were many factions. These all eventually put up a common front against the "seventh-day people," as that faith grew.

Miller in 1848 built the chapel on his farm for the local company of Adventists who all, if they kept his faith, believed in the natural immortality of the soul. There was no church organization among Adventists, for they held, as George Storrs put it, that organization was in itself Babylon. Nine years after Miller's death, however, his followers under Himes and Bliss organized the American Millennial Association, afterward known as Evangelical Adventists.

The Advent Christian Church had its origin among the followers of Jonathan Cummings, who in 1852 made great inroads in the Adventist ranks by setting the time for Christ to come in the fall of 1853 or the spring of 1854. The doctrine of conditional immortality had by this time made much headway, and most of Cummings' followers were of this persuasion. They established their own paper, *The World's Crisis*. When Christ did not come at their set time, they were invited back into the Evangelical body, but, mainly on the question of the nature of the soul, they refused, and in 1861 completed their country-wide organization as a church. In time they came to be the chief and only significant first-day Adventist body. Himes joined them in 1864, and left them in 1875. The Evangelical Adventists dwindled, and in 1916 disappeared from the United States Census of Religious Bodies.

The Adventist company at Low Hampton, after Miller's death, in the main adopted the doctrine of conditional immortality, and, retaining the observance of Sunday, identified themselves with the Advent Christian Church, and the little chapel remained in their possession. It was built, however, not for the Advent Christians, but for the Evangelical Adventists. William Miller belonged to no Adventist body now existing; yet, differing from all in some particulars, he is father of all. —A.W. Spalding, *Footprints*, pp. 25-27.

The Last Days of William Miller

After the Disappointment, William Miller was to live four more years. So far as his strength permitted, the last years of William Miller's life were filled with traveling and preaching for the cause he loved. Early in 1848 his health began to decline, and with it his eyesight. An unfinished letter written in the spring of 1849 in a large, shaky hand, bears mute testimony that the hour of his dissolution was drawing near. But his indomitable faith burned bright. The salutation is simply "Dear Brother: I cannot refrain from writing a word or two, although I cannot see. All is well. The Bridegroom [Christ] is coming; no mistake . . . the King must come. Lift up your head, be of good cheer, be not faithless but believing. We shall soon see Him for whom we have looked and waited."

He died in the very literal expectation of the immediate coming of Christ.

Death came to him on December 20, 1849, in the sixty-eighth year of his life. At his bedside stood the man who in Chardon Street Chapel, in December, 1839, had made a solemn compact with him to promote and publish his views to all America and beyond. It was fitting that Himes should be there at Low Hampton to say a last word to the old warrior who first served his country in the War of 1812 and later his God in a far more arduous war. Miller lies buried in a little graveyard about half a mile from his old home. At the top of the tombstone are appropriate words of Holy Writ: "At the time appointed the end shall be." Below his name are carved the equally fitting words of Inspiration: "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." —See F.D. Nichol, *The Midnight Cry*, pp. 301-303.

Paris, Maine

Directions

William Miller Sites to Paris, Maine

Return to Highway 4 and proceed through Rutland, Vermont, toward White River Junction. Join Interstate 89 south just above White River Junction, then take Interstate 91 north to St. Johnsbury, Vermont. From St. Johnsbury, take Highway 2 east through Gorham, New Hampshire to Bethel, Maine. From Bethel, take Maine 26 south. Paris, now called Paris Hill, Maine, does not show on some maps. It is located on a loop just east of Highway 26, a little north of South Paris, Maine. From the junction of Maine 219 and Maine 26 at Trap Corner, go south 4.3 miles to a little road turning off to the left. A small sign on your left points you toward Paris Hill Country Club. Turn left there and proceed 1.8 miles where you pass the large First Baptist Church in a park-like area. Go beyond the church a short distance to a large white house on the right directly opposite where Lincoln Street turns off to the left. The owner's name, Atwood, is on a sign to the right of the door. This is the building where the first *Review and Herald* was published in 1850. The room where it was published is on the south side of the house under the porch.

Time Capsule

Paris, Maine

1850, November, First *Review and Herald* published here.
1852, *Review* moves to Saratoga Springs.
1855, Andrews family moves to Waukon, Iowa.

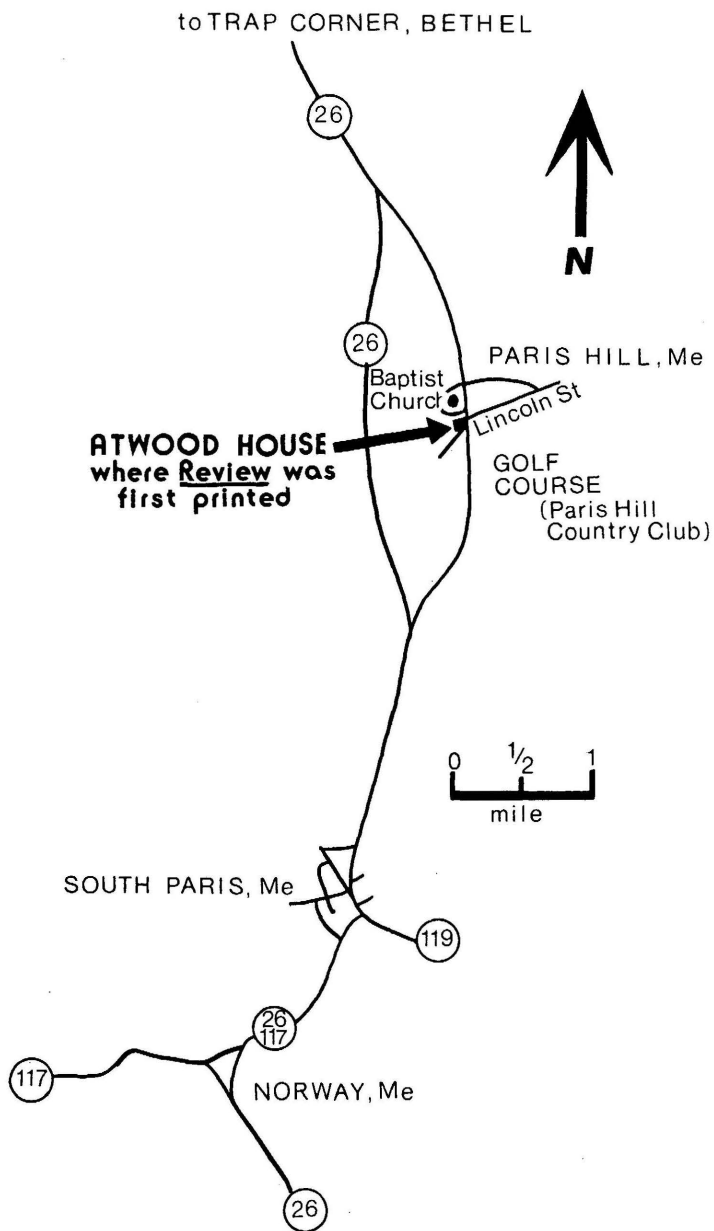
It Happened Here

Paris, Maine.

Paris, Maine, like many another New England town, is several Parises. There is South Paris and there is West Paris, and what was the original Paris is now Paris Hill. It is no longer the county seat nor the business center; that is South Paris. But Paris Hill, sitting sedate and benignant upon its long ridge, keeps, in its great old white houses beneath its sweeping elms, the flavor of the past and the historic.



Atwood House
Where *Review* was Printed



Paris holds for us great memories. It was the boyhood and youth home of one of our chief pioneers, John N. Andrews, and the home of the Cyprian Stevens family, two of whose daughters (Angeline and Harriet) became the wives of John Andrews and Uriah Smith respectively. It was the birthplace of our church paper, the *Review and Herald*, now the *Advent Review* and the building in which was the print shop that cradled it is still standing. It was the scene of some of the early fierce engagements with fanatics who plagued the Second Advent Movement after the staggering Disappointment. And it was the place where the Lord gave His sustaining grace to His fainting servants, James and Ellen White, as they fought through the whelming waves of poverty, illness, and discouragement, to the establishment of the infant cause upon a firm basis.

The father of John Andrews was Edward. His Uncle Charles was a man of political importance in Maine, a Congressman. Where the Edward Andrews family lived is not known. It must have been a house of some size—indeed, all houses in Paris Hill are—for, like Stockbridge Howland's home, it took in the White family while they were living there, and it had previously been the refuge of the Stowell family while they were waiting for the Lord to come in '44, and for some time afterward.

It was in the spring of 1845 that a tract came into the hands of Stowell, a tract written by a minister well known in New Hampshire and Maine, T. M. Preble, a co-laborer with Miller and Himes. This tract, a reprint from an article in a Portland Adventist paper, the *Hope of Israel*, advocated the seventh day as the Sabbath of the Lord, a day for all Christians to observe. Stowell laid it aside, but his fifteen-year old daughter, Marian, picked it up and read it. She was so convinced by its presentation of Biblical proof that she took it to her brother Oswald, a year or two older, and together they resolved to obey. Minimizing their chores and household duties, they quietly observed, in their own hearts and minds, the next Sabbath day. No one else knew of their resolution and their action, for they felt not very sure of the reception they might receive.

But the first of the week, missionary zeal overcame Marian's discretion, and she took the tract to John Andrews, then seventeen years old, and asked him to read it. This he did, and then brought it back to her.

"Have your father and mother read this?" he asked.

"No," said Marian, "but I have, and found that we are not keeping the right Sabbath. What do you think, John?"

"I think the seventh day is the Sabbath. And if you and I think that, Marian, we must keep it."

"Of course. Brother Oswald and I kept last Sabbath. We'll be glad to have you join us. But you take Elder Preble's tract to your father and mother to read."

"All right."

The senior Andrews read it, then brought it back to the Stowells. And both families kept the next Sabbath, meeting for the service in one of their rooms.

Oswald Stowell later became an apprentice printer in the Review and Herald office at Rochester, New York, and remained with the firm when it moved to Battle Creek.

John Nevins Andrews was a bright, studious, promising young man. His Uncle Charles encouraged him in his early ambition to enter politics; and if the little tract had not intervened, possibly we might have lost to the halls of Congress a great author, religious leader, and missionary. However, Edward Andrews, his father, had accepted the teachings of William Miller in the early 40's, and the whole family, consisting of the parents and two boys, were numbered with the Adventist company in Paris, and passed with them through the Disappointment. Now, with the Stowell family, the Cyprian Stevens family and others, they accepted the seventh-day Sabbath, and were launched upon careers that took them far from political ambitions.

The little flock of Paris Adventists, Sabbathkeeping and Sundaykeeping alike, were afflicted by some of the fanaticism of the time. John's Aunt Persis, wife of Congressman Charles, notes in her diary that Edward and his group refused to work for a time after the Disappointment. Some taught that Christ had come "spiritually" in 1844 and they were in the seventh or Sabbath millennium, and consequently should do no work. Other fanatics believed that since they were now in "heaven," they should be like little children, and so went creeping over the floor and the streets. Some were so humble they could not eat at the table, but must take their food in their hands and eat behind the door. These fanatics were sometimes called "spiritualists" because they "spiritualized" the second coming of Christ. So plagued by such extremists was the company at Paris that after two or three years they ceased to have meetings, and were fast sliding back from their faith.

In this crisis Ellen G. White received instruction from the Lord that they should go to Paris, where a meeting was called on September 14, 1849. Stockbridge Howland and family went with them. Brethren from the south also were present: Joseph Bates from Massachusetts, and E.L.H. Chamberlain and Richard Ralph from Connecticut. The Paris brethren had had no meeting for a year and a half, but now they rallied.

After routing the fanatics, "the power of God descended somewhat as it did on the day of Pentecost, and five or six who had been deceived and led into error and fanaticism fell prostrate to the floor." Parents confessed to their children and children to their parents and to one another. Brother J. N. Andrews with deep feeling, exclaimed, "'I would exchange a thousand errors for one truth'" —Ellen G. White, *Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. II, p. 117.

It was the final decision for the young man, John Andrews. Had it not been for this timely conference and the labors of Joseph Bates, James White, and Ellen White, that masterly mind and stout heart which were to battle the foes of truth for the early church, would have been lost to the cause.

Paris, Maine, was to have a brief history of leadership in the infant cause. Here, a little more than a year later, James White brought his feeble publishing work, carried under his hat, and with a farewell to *Present Truth* and a hail to the *Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*, he wrought for nearly a year in desperate need and fainting hope. It would be gratifying to record that the Paris brethren loyally upheld his hands, encouraged and strengthened him. But no such word comes to us. Doubtless John Andrews, the budding writer and preacher, was a loyal helper, for he grew during this time to the proportions of a champion of the cause. But older ones . . . were capitious and critical. Edward Andrews and Cyprian Stevens took their families to Iowa in 1855 and 1856; and not long after, Paris, Maine, faded from our annals.

One to a thousand! Not only one truth opposed to multi-form errors, but one warrior opposed to a thousand foes. Valiantly did the youth who took this resolution maintain his cause through all the remaining thirty-four years of his life: a student, a writer, a preacher, who only once faltered, borne down by ill-health, then recovering, went on to greater battles and greater victories. He was a General Conference president, and our first official overseas missionary; and he fell at last at his post in Basel, Switzerland, where he lies awaiting the Lifegiver. —See A.W. Spalding, *Footprints* pp. 91-98

Topsham, Maine

Directions

Paris to Topsham, Maine, and RR Cut

Continue south from the Atwood house until you return to Highway 26. Turn left and go south, following Highway 26 carefully through South Paris. Continue south on Highway 26 to Welchville, then turn left onto Highway 121 and go eastward toward Auburn and Mechanic Falls. As you get into Auburn, signs direct you to Highway 4 north. Next watch for signs for Highway 100/202 and follow that into Lewiston. Just after you cross the bridge in Lewiston, you will find a sign pointing you to your right for Highway 196 toward Brunswick, Maine. (This will also be Canal Street.) Take Highway 196 south toward Brunswick and Topsham. Just before reaching Topsham you will get on Highway 201 south. Continue on Highway 201 until you come to the traffic light with Highway 24 to your left. Highway 24 is also Elm Street. Turn left there and park in the parking lot of the United Baptist Church on the corner. The Howland home is Number 7, the second house on the right.

To get to the railroad cut where James White worked while living in Topsham, turn left and continue on Highway 24 south into Brunswick, Maine. Just across the bridge take Highway 1 south, following the sign for Freeport and Portland. A little south of Brunswick, just as you are about to get onto Interstate 95, follow the signs for Highway 1 around the U-turn, then turn right and take Highway 1 for .7 mile to the bridge over the railroad cut where James White worked. Hillside Road goes across the bridge, Durham Road is on your right.

Time Capsule

Topsham, Maine

1847, James and Ellen White set up housekeeping in Howland home.

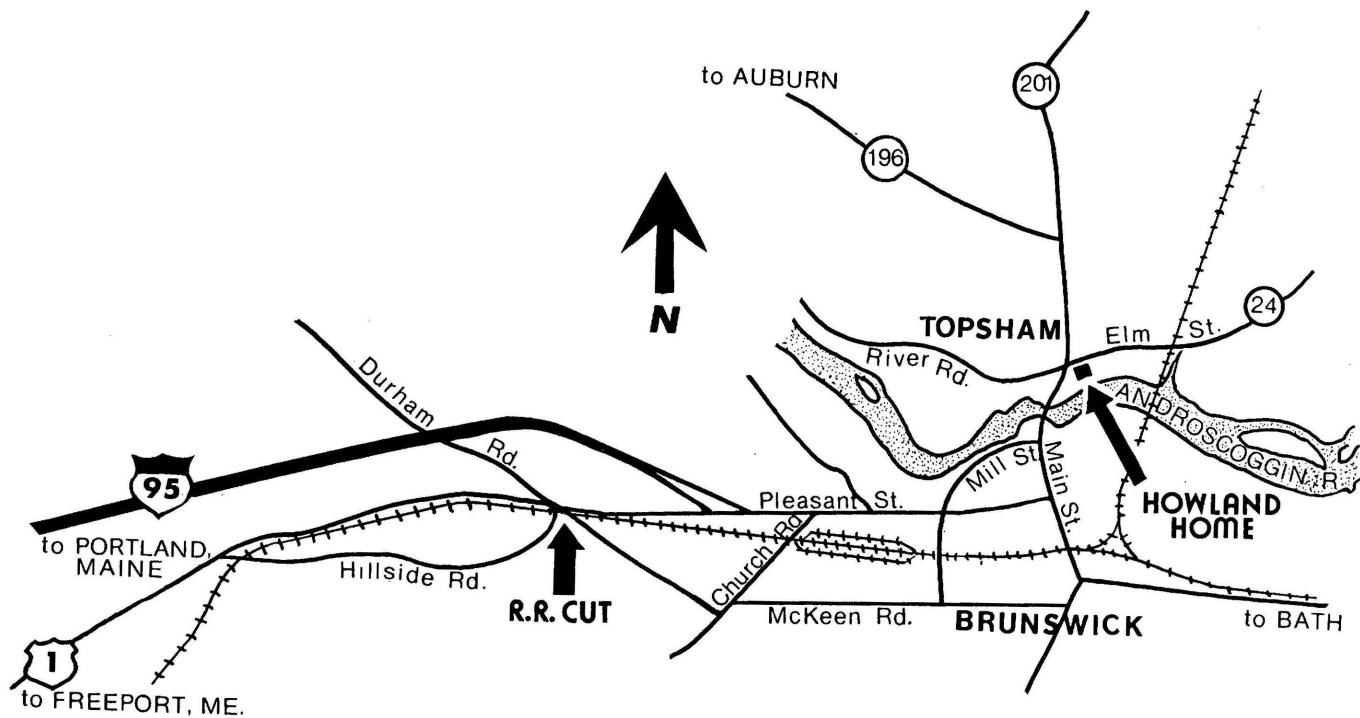
1848, Henry White lives with Howlands until 1853.

1863, Henry White dies in Howland home.

It Happened Here

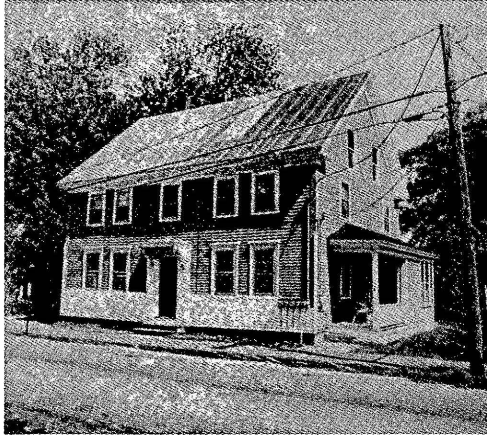
Topsham, Maine

Topsham! Topsham! How the narrative of the early times weaves in and around the towns of lower Maine, and when it comes to Topsham, rings a bell! Topsham, thirty miles from Portland, northeast, and just across the Androscoggin River from the larger Brunswick; Topsham, scene of conferences, of healings, of charities, of sacrifices, of great decisions. Topsham (local folk ignore the "h" and pronounce it Topsum) was the home of Stockbridge Howland, and his house, for his sturdy defense of truth and his ready succor to the needs of the cause,



was called by James White and those who fought by his side, Fort Howland.

It is a sturdy house, of characteristic New England massiveness, thirty feet by forty, two full stories and another snugged under its roof. It stood on the corner of Main and Elm Streets, facing the south, surrounded by its ample yard and with its outworks, the white-painted picket fence, defining its boundaries. Now the house has been moved across the street, and faces north; no longer on the corner, but two doors down at number 7 Elm Street.



Howland Home

Here, in this house, lived Stockbridge Howland, a workman of the class that is now called civil engineer, builder of bridges and mills, road maker, planner of public works. In the 1844 movement he accepted the views of William Miller, and became a sturdy exponent of the imminent Second Advent. Taking an active part, he rode horseback over several counties, distributing literature and teaching his faith. In consequence, opponents of the Advent message, declaring that he was neglecting his business and that he was mentally incompetent, secured the appointment of a guardian. This guardian shortly found his hands more than full, for Howland referred to him all his business affairs, which were many, while he devoted himself to his great business. Soon the county wished to build a new and superior bridge across the Kennebec River, and they decided there was no one who could do the job but Stockbridge Howland. But when they came to him, he said, "Gentlemen, you will have to see my guardian. You know I am not considered competent to attend to my own business; and do you come to me to build your bridge?" The guardianship suddenly ended.

Here in this house, in 1845, Frances Howland, his daughter, was healed by prayer. Here in 1846 (but in the Curtiss house,

not this) occurred the conference at which Joseph Bates was convinced of the prophetic gift of Ellen G. White. Here in 1847 the Howlands gave to the young couple, James and Ellen White, with their baby, free use of rooms in which to set up housekeeping with borrowed furniture; and from here, during the next few months, James White went forth to work on the railroad and then in the woods, to earn about fifty cents a day. The railroad cut on which he worked may still be seen just south of Brunswick. Here, with nine cents' capital, Mrs. White made the decision between three pints of milk for the babe and enough calico for a



RR Cut Where J. White Worked

garment to cover his naked arms. Here, while they were facing away from God's work and hoping for a normal family life, the babe became sick unto death, and in resignation they turned their faces dutyward, and he recovered. Here they left their little, meager home in the spring of 1848, to go forth into the work that was not to end for him for over thirty years, and for her nigh seventy. Here, too, was held the conference of the scattered leaders, in the fall of 1848, where first they gave consideration to a publishing work, which came into being the next July

Here in this house was the home of the White's firstborn, Henry, for five years of his infancy, tenderly cared for by Father and Mother Howland and their daughter Frances, while his parents were traveling; and here in his sixteenth year Henry, the exuberant, songful Henry, "our sweet singer," laid down his life while on a visit. Here continued Stockbridge Howland and his wife until 1872, when they removed to Battle Creek, living there until their death. —See A.W. Spalding, *Footprints*, pp. 83-85.

Portland, Maine

Directions

Railroad Cut to Portland, Maine

From the railroad cut proceed south on Highway 1 and watch for signs for Interstate 95. Take I-95 south, to Interstate 295 toward Portland. Get off at Exit 6A, Forest Avenue South. Immediately after getting down onto Forest Avenue, get in the right lane and watch for the sign for State Street Downtown. The sign will direct you to Highway 1 and 77 and you will pass right through Deering Oaks Park, where as a child Ellen Harmon often came to pray and ponder her misfortune after her childhood accident.

Go straight up the hill on State Street and turn left at Cumberland (Highway 26 north). Follow Cumberland past High, Forest, and Oak, and at Casco Street you will see the site of the Casco Street Christian Church where William Miller preached. A low red brick building with green trim occupies the site now.

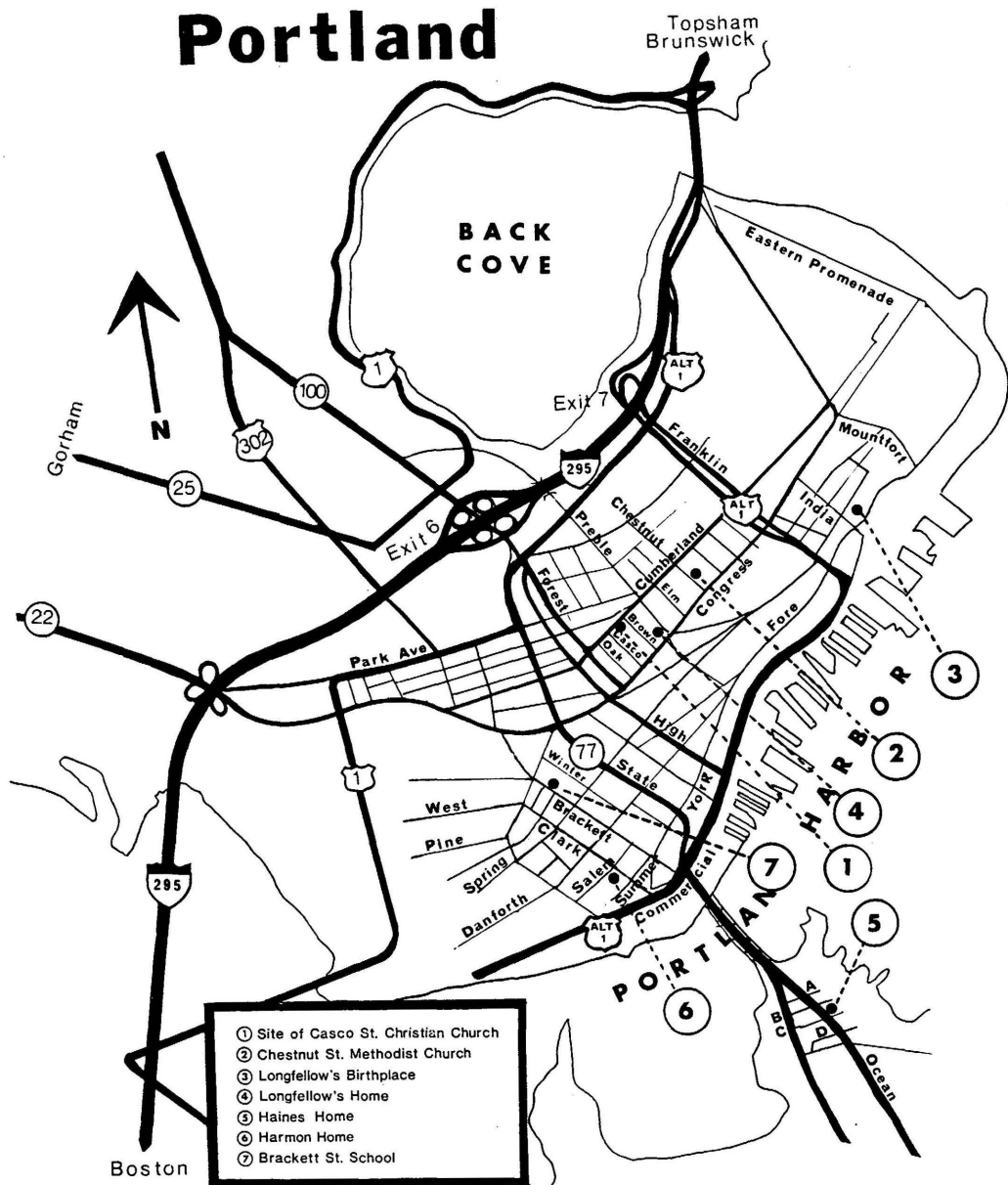
Continue north on Cumberland Street past Preble, Elm, and the Portland High School. Just beyond the high school turn right on Chestnut, and on your left you will see the Chestnut Street Methodist Church, where the Harmon family were members.

Continue west on Chestnut to the next street, Congress, and turn left. Follow Congress north all the way up over the hill to its end and turn right on the Eastern Promenade. Here you have a view of beautiful Casco Bay. Keep bearing to your right and you will come around to Fore Street and be going south. After you pass Mount Fort Street you will notice a flagpole on your right in the warehouse area, and just at the base of this flagpole is a stone marking the spot of the Longfellow birthplace. The Methodist baptizing place would be just across the street from this—the bay used to come up to Fore Street.

At the next corner, India Street, turn right and go to its end at Congress Street. Turn left on Congress and go back to the center of Portland. You will find Longfellow's home on your right, set back from the street just after you pass Preble Street.

Continue south on Congress Street until you come to Highway 77 at the statue of Longfellow seated in a large chair. This will also be State Street. Turn left on State and go to its end, then bear right, then left across the bridge to South Portland. Once over the bridge, watch carefully for C Street and turn left. Go down C Street to the next stop sign, Ocean Street, and directly in front of you and to your left across the street you will

Portland



see the Griffin Club which occupies the lower portion of the building which was once Elizabeth Haines' home, where Ellen Harmon had her first vision. The room where the vision took place is on the C street side (above and to the right of the sign) and is served by the double window under the gable.

Turn left on Ocean and proceed back across the bridge into Portland. Make your first legal left turn at High Street, then turn left again on Danforth Street and go south on Danforth Street past State, Winter, and Brackett, and turn left at the next street, Clark. Proceed down the hill to Number 44 Clark Street on your right. This was the Harmon home during the 1844 movement.

Continue down the hill and turn left at the next corner, Summer, and left again on Brackett Street. Go up the hill (west) on Brackett Street past Danforth, Gray, and Spring, to 155 Brackett. This is the building which once housed the Brackett Street School. Across the street is the modern Reiche School.

Continue west on Brackett Street past Pine Street and immediately angle right on Dow Street (there is no street sign) and go down to Congress and turn left. At the next corner, turn right on Mellen Street and go down the hill to Grant Street. (Off to your right along Grant you will see a parking lot. This was the site of the old White Memorial Church which was being built when Ellen White last visited Portland in 1909, and for which she appealed for funds.) Continue down Mellon Street to Park Avenue and turn left and take the first right onto Highway 25 toward Westbrook and Gorham.

Time Capsule

Portland, Maine

- 1807, Poet Longfellow born in Portland.
- 1837, Ellen Harmon suffers a serious accident when struck in the face with a stone.
- 1840, William Miller preaches in the Casco Street Christian Church. Returns in 1842.
- 1842, Ellen Harmon baptized, joins Chestnut Street Methodist Church.
- 1843, Harmon family expelled from Methodist Church.
- 1844, Harmons, living at 44 Clark Street, suffer Great Disappointment along with other Portland Adventists.
- 1844, December, Ellen Harmon's first vision in Elizabeth Haines' home.
- 1846, Ellen Harmon marries James White in Portland.
- 1909, Ellen White returns to Portland for a camp meeting.

It Happened Here

Casco Street Christian Church

The corner of Casco and Cumberland Streets is the site of the Christian Connection Church where, in March, 1840, and again

in June, 1842, William Miller lectured. Ellen White mentions both the visits, saying of the first one:

William Miller visited Portland, Maine, and gave a course of lectures on the second coming of Christ. These lectures produced a great sensation, and the Christian Church on Casco Street, where the discourses were given, was crowded day and night. No wild excitement attended the meetings, but a deep solemnity pervaded the minds of those who heard. Not only was a great interest manifested in the city, but the country people flocked in day after day, bringing their lunch baskets, and remaining from morning until the close of the evening.

*In company with many friends, I attended these meetings. Mr. Miller traced down the prophecies with an exactness that struck conviction to the hearts of his hearers. He dwelt upon the prophetic periods, and brought many proofs to strengthen his position. Then his solemn and powerful appeals and admonitions to those who were unprepared, held the crowds as if spellbound. —Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, p. 20.*

A local newspaper editor also commented favorably on Miller's lectures:

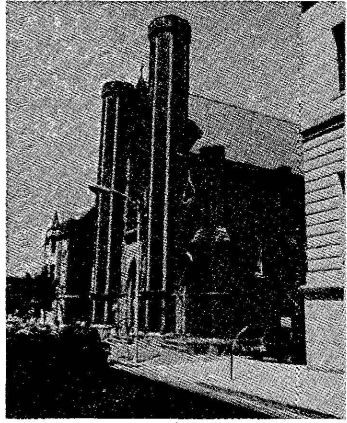
*In his public discourses he is self-possessed and ready; distinct in his utterance, and frequently quaint in his expressions. He succeeds in chaining the attention of his auditory for an hour and a half to two hours; and in the management of his subject discovers much tact, holding frequent colloquies with the objector and inquirer, supplying the questions and answers himself in a very natural manner; and although grave himself, sometimes producing a smile from a portion of his auditors. —Quoted in F.D. Nichol, *Midnight Cry*, pp. 81-82.)*

Chestnut Street Methodist Church

At a Methodist camp meeting in the summer of 1840 (possibly 1841), Ellen White was converted, and following a period of probation, was baptized into the Chestnut Street Methodist Church on June 26, 1842. The records of the baptism are kept here, indicating that the minister who performed the rite was John Hobart. It was also from this church that the Harmon family was disfellowshipped in September, 1843, for "breach of discipline," namely that they had "attended other meetings, and had neglected to meet regularly with [their] class." The Harmons replied that they had never been absent from class

meeting for more than a few weeks, except when some had been out of town for longer periods, and furthermore, that there were others who had been absent for a year or more without being disciplined. Nevertheless, the family was disfellowshipped.

Robert Harmon had been a Methodist "exhorter," whose duties included those of a lay preacher as well as the opportunity to give an extemporaneous lay response to the Sunday sermon. The Chestnut Street Church was distinguished as one of the first Methodist churches in America to install a church organ, a controversial move which took place during the Harmon family's membership there.



Chestnut Street Church

Longfellow's Birthplace And Boyhood Home

Famous for his epic myth-making poems, *Paul Revere's Ride*, *Evangeline*, and *The Song of Hiawatha*, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland in 1807. He spent his youth in this city, the scenes of which are reflected in several of his poems such as *The Village Blacksmith*.

The Methodist Baptizing Place

Casco Bay once came all the way up to Fore Street, and in the area across from Longfellow's birthplace, the Methodists had their "baptizing place," where those candidates, such as Ellen Harmon, who requested immersion, could receive the rite.

Elizabeth Haines Home

In December, 1844, Ellen Harmon, who had just turned 17, experienced her first vision. In her earliest account of the vision, Mrs. White wrote:

*About this time
I visited Sister
H[aines], one of
our Advent
Sisters, whose*

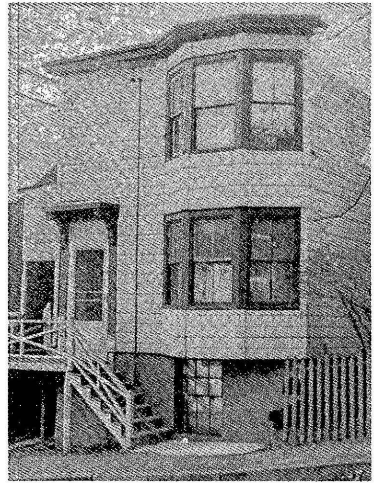


Haines Home

heart was knit with mine. In the morning we bowed at the family altar. It was not an exciting occasion. There were but five of us present, all females. While praying, the power of God came upon me as I never had felt it before. I was surrounded with light, and was rising higher and higher from the earth. I turned to look for the Advent people in the world, but could not find them—when a voice said to me, 'Look again, and look a little higher.' —Ellen G. White, *Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. 2, pp. 30-31.

44 Clarke Street

It was in this home that the Harmon family lived during the days when they were involved in the Millerite movement. They moved here sometime after 1840. While living here, Ellen was converted, joined the Methodist Church, then became convinced that Christ was coming soon and was expelled from the Methodist church. Here she had several of her early visions, and from this home the Harmons moved back to Gorham after the Disappointment.

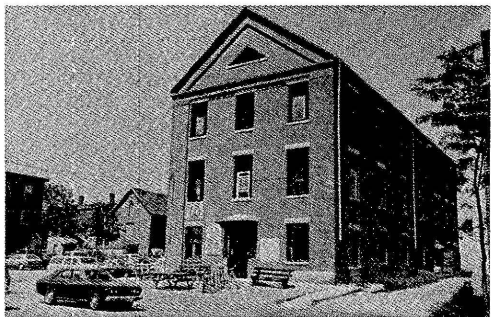


Harmon Home

At the time of Ellen Harmon's accident, the family lived up the street in a house on the corner of Spruce and Clarke Streets which has since been destroyed.

Brackett Street School

It was this school that Ellen Harmon attended. It is not known at what age Ellen started school, thus it is not known for certain how many years of formal education she had. At any rate, her education was very limited. While



Brackett Street School

attending this school at the age of nine, the accident occurred which terminated her formal education. She says that, in company with her twin sister and one of her schoolmates, she was "crossing a common in the city of Portland, Maine," when an angry girl threw a stone which struck her in the face. Since the family's home was only a block from the school, on the corner of Clarke and Spruce, it is unlikely that she was on her way home from school.

Gorham, Maine

Directions

Gorham, Maine

From Portland take Highway 25 west through Westbrook and on to Gorham. In Gorham turn right on Highway 114 going toward Sebago Lake. From the intersection, go a little more than 1.5 miles. You will pass a little cemetery on your left, and just beyond that a little monument designating Fort Hill, and beyond that you will come to a double drive on your right. Directly opposite the double drive is a monument marking the site of the house in which, it is generally believed, Ellen Harmon was born.

It Happened Here

Gorham, Maine

Robert Harmon evidently moved his family back and forth between Gorham and Portland several times. We find him living in Portland in 1823, before Ellen was born. He must have moved to Gorham, however, as he was living in Gorham on November 27, 1827, when the twins, Ellen and Elizabeth were born. They were the last of eight children in the family. By 1833 the family had moved back to Portland once again. Then, after the disappointment in 1844 the Harmon family returned to Gorham (though not necessarily to this home), for they were living here after Ellen's marriage.

Exeter, New Hampshire

Directions

Site of 1844 Millerite Camp Meeting

From Gorham return to Portland and take the Maine Turnpike south to the New Hampshire Turnpike. Take the New Hampshire Turnpike south to Exit 2, the last exit before paying toll, then go west on Highway 51 toward Highway 101 and Exeter. Take the first Exeter exit, Highway 108, and go south.

Time Capsule

Exeter, New Hampshire

1844, August 12-17, Samuel S. Snow's arguments for October 22 date win popular acceptance among Millerites. "Seventh-month Movement" begins in earnest.

It Happened Here

Exeter, New Hampshire

The Millerite Adventists had at first expected the Lord to come some time in the Jewish year which ended in the spring. Miller set the deadline at March 21, 1844, but even before that date had arrived some suggested that time might linger a little longer. As early as February, 1844, Samuel S. Snow had urged the autumn of 1844 as the time of Christ's coming, but it was not until the Exeter camp meeting August 12-17 that the October 22 date took hold.

On his way to Exeter Joseph Bates was forcefully impressed with the thought, "You are going to have new light here! Something that will give a new impetus to the work."

Accounts of the crucial incident vary, but James White, who was present, and J. N. Loughborough, who learned about it much later, both described a time in the camp meeting proceedings when the interest was dragging. Joseph Bates was in the speaker's stand, but was not able to spark much enthusiasm. A woman stood up and addressed the speaker: "It is too late to spend our time upon these truths, with which we are familiar. . . . Time is short. The Lord has servants here who have meat in due season. . . . Let them speak." S.S. Snow had arrived on the camp ground. Hardly had he dismounted from his panning horse than word got around that here was a man with a message. Snow strode to the platform and expounded his view, based on the reckoning of the Karaite Jews, that the 2300 day-years of Daniel 8:14 would actually end on October 22, 1844. The camp meeting was electrified.

Joseph Bates, writing three years later, recalled, "There was light given and received there, sure enough; and when that meeting closed, the granite hills of New Hampshire rang with the mighty cry, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to

meet him.' As the stages and railroad cars rolled away through the different states, cities, and villages of New England, the rumbling of the cry was still distinctly heard, 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Christ is coming on the tenth day of the seventh month! Time is short! Get ready! Get ready!'"

East Kingston, New Hampshire

Directions

Exeter to East Kingston, New Hampshire

Take Highway 108 south through Exeter. Going out of town you will pass the Phillips Exeter Academy where Uriah Smith graduated. From the Academy go south approximately four miles to Sanborn Road (the sign may be missing) and turn right. Go .4 mile to the railroad tracks. This junction of the railroad and Sanborn Road is exactly one mile north of East Kingston. The first Millerite camp meeting was held one mile north of town in a hemlock grove on the west side of the railroad.

Return now to Highway 108 and proceed south to the nearby junction of Highway 107 and turn right and take Highway 107 westward into East Kingston village.

America Along The Way

Phillips Exeter Academy

This distinguished educational institution was founded in 1781 with the high aim: "It shall ever be considered as a principal duty of the instructors to regulate the tempers, to enlarge the minds, and form the morals of the youth committed to their care" —*Phillips Exeter Academy Catalog*, 1980-1981, p. 37).

The school was founded by John Phillips. He stipulated that it must be for "deserving students from every walk of life regardless of family circumstances, a school that was open to talent and aspiration" (*Ibid.*, pp. 38-39). Small classes are the ideal. In 1980 there was a student body of 960 and a teaching faculty of over 100 fulltime members. Started in one building, still in use and now known as the Wells Kerr House, the campus has vastly enlarged and now occupies several blocks. Uriah Smith, who later became editor of the *Review and Herald*, attended the Exeter Academy. He was class poet when he graduated.

The town of Exeter is the third oldest town in New Hampshire, and was the seat of the Legislature during the Revolutionary War. It has a population of 11,000. "Its winding, shaded streets and simple white houses, largely of colonial design, give it the characteristic aspect of the New Hampshire town remote from urban influence" (*Ibid.*, p. 42).

It Happened Here

East Kingston, New Hampshire

Here, in a hemlock grove on the west side of the railroad a mile north of East Kingston, New Hampshire, the first Millerite camp meeting was held, June 28-July 5, 1842. Campers were told to bring their own bedding. Board and lodging (in tents) could be had for \$2 per week, but in many cases churches and

groups of families brought their own large tents to be subdivided as needed. The railroad offered a special reduced fare of 90 cents from Boston.

Camp meetings were no longer a novelty by this time, having originated in the revivals in Kentucky and Tennessee at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But the success of this first Millerite camp meeting was even greater than anticipated. Estimates of attendance ranged all the way from seven to fifteen thousand.

The principal speaker was Miller himself, but he was assisted by a large group of Millerite preachers. All New England was represented, and some even came from Canada. Millerism was still an inter-faith movement, and members of every denomination were among the campers, not to mention skeptics and infidels, some of whom were converted to Christ as the meetings progressed.

Looking ahead, an offering was taken for a "great tent" under which thousands could sit protected from sun and rain. One thousand dollars was raised, showing, as Apollos Hale noted, that "the desire for the riches of this world gives place to the stronger desire to secure a title to the better country—worldly hopes all fade under the brighter 'hope of the glory of God' soon to be revealed."

The Quaker abolitionist and poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, attended the meeting. Whittier, famous for *Snow Bound*, left a description of the camp meeting which is recorded below.

Heirloom

J. G. Whittier Visits First Millerite Camp Meeting

Three or four years ago, on my way eastward, I spent an hour or two at a campground of the Second Advent in East Kingston. The spot was well chosen. A tall growth of pine and hemlock threw its melancholy shadow over the multitude, who were arranged upon rough seats of boards and logs. Several hundred—perhaps a thousand people—were present, and more were rapidly coming. Drawn about in a circle, forming a background of snowy whiteness to the dark masses of men and foliage, were the white tents, and back of them the provision-stalls and cook-shops. When I reached the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I could readily perceive that it had its effect upon the multitude before me, kindling to higher intensity their already excited enthusiasm. The preachers were placed in a rude pulpit of rough boards, carpeted only by the dead forest-leaves and flowers, and tasselled, not with silk and velvet, but with the green boughs of the sombre hemlocks around it. One

of them followed the music in an earnest exhortation on the duty of preparing for the great event. Occasionally he was really eloquent, and his description of the last day had the ghastly distinctness of Anelli's painting of the End of the World.

Suspended from the front of the rude pulpit were two broad sheets of canvas, upon one of which was the figure of a man, the head of gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly of brass, the legs of iron, and feet of clay—the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. On the other were depicted the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision—the beasts, the dragons, the scarlet woman seen by the seer of Patmos, Oriental types, figures, and mystic symbols, translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a traveling menagerie. One horrible image, with its hideous heads and scaly caudal extremity, reminded me of the tremendous line of Milton, who, in speaking of the same evil dragon, describes him as “Swinging the scaly horrors of his folded tail.”

To an imaginative mind the scene was full of novel interest. The white circle of tents; the dim wood arches; the upturned, earnest faces; the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible; the smoke from the fires, rising like incense,—carried me back to those days of primitive worship which tradition faintly whispers of, when on hilltops and in the shade of old woods, religion had her first altars, with every man for her priest and the whole universe for her temple. —*The Writing of John Greenleaf Whittier*, Vol. 5: *Prose Works* (Boston, 1889), p. 419.

Washington, New Hampshire

Directions

Washington, New Hampshire

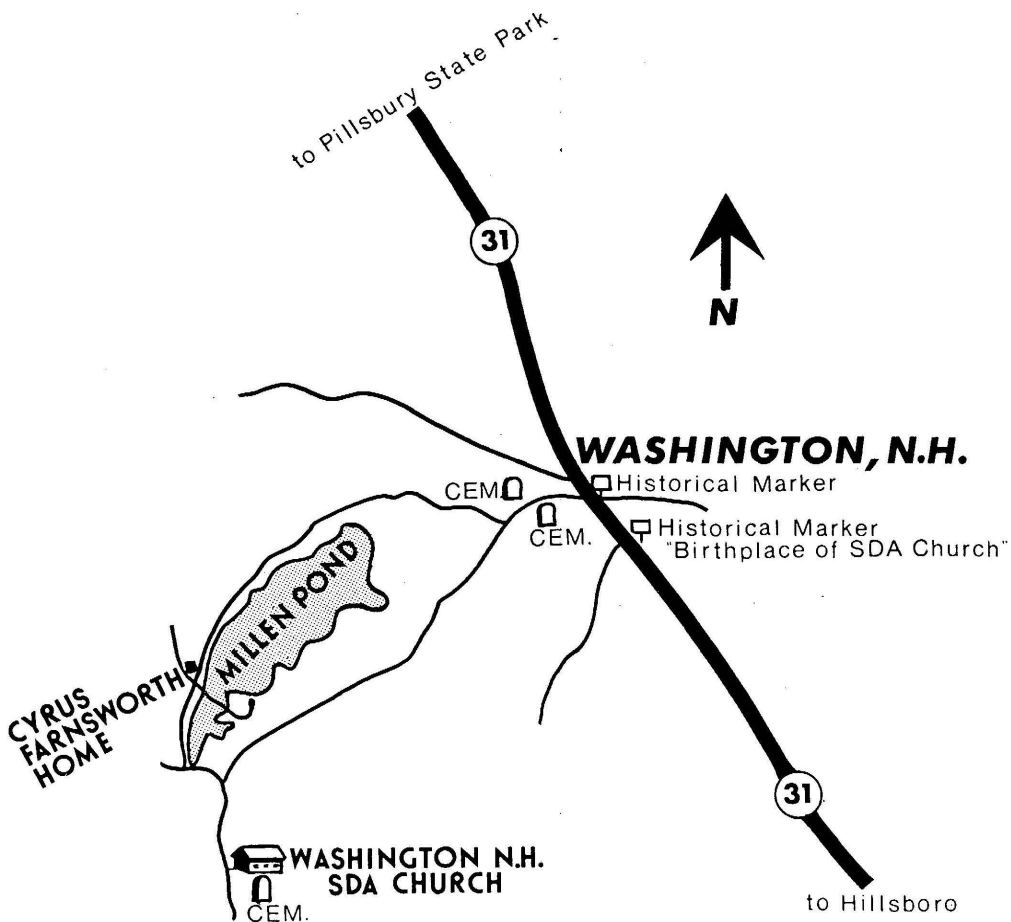
Many travelers will approach Washington, New Hampshire, from the south, leaving, perhaps, from Atlantic Union College. From that area, go to Leominster and take Highway 12 north through Fitchburg toward Winchendon. Then take Highway 202 North through Peterborough, New Hampshire, where you jog east on Highway 101 and north on Highway 123 toward Antrim, New Hampshire. There you take Highway 31 north. This route runs concurrent with Highway 9 for about three miles. Then pick up the directions listed below for those coming from the east.

From East Kingston, take Highway 107 east to Highway 125 and go north until you reach Highway 101, then take 101 west toward Manchester. Before reaching Manchester, take Interstate 93 north until just before Concord, then take Interstate 89 north. Get off at Exit 5 and take Highway 9 west toward Hennecker and Keene. A little beyond Hillsboro you will come to Route 31 north. Turn right there. The Franklin Pierce homestead is on the corner. Those coming from the south will turn left here. From both directions, look for the sign to the Franklin Pierce home. Washington, New Hampshire, is nine miles north of this intersection on Highway 31.

As you come up the hill into Washington, New Hampshire, you will pass a historical marker designating the village as the birthplace of the Seventh-day Adventist church. Continue on up the hill into the village.

At the general store, secure the key to the church. Another historical marker in the village designates Washington, New Hampshire, the first town incorporated under the name of George Washington. Turn left at this sign and go a little more than two miles. You will go down a long hill and the paved road will turn sharply to the right. At that point a sign directs you to the left down a dirt road to the church on your left. During the summer months services are held frequently, but not regularly, on the Sabbath. The congregation is building a church in Hillsboro and prefers, meanwhile, that Sabbath guests not disrupt their regular services unduly by taking over. Groups planning to visit the church on Sabbath should contact the pastor through the Southern New England Conference, 617-365-4551.

From the church, return to the paved road and turn left. Go around the end of Millen Pond and follow around to your right



so as to pass in front of the large brick house on your left. This house, with five windows in front and a place for two doors, was the Cyrus Farnsworth house. Please! This is a private residence. Stay on the roadways, park unobtrusively for photographs, and respect the owner's privacy and property rights.

To get back to Washington, New Hampshire, just continue on the dirt road until you reach the paved road, then turn left and go back into the village. Return the key to the storekeeper.

Time Capsule

Washington, New Hampshire

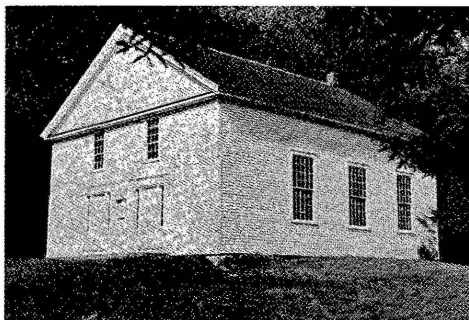
1844, Some Adventists in Washington, New Hampshire accept seventh-day Sabbath.

1845, May, Joseph Bates visits Cyrus Farnsworth and Frederick Wheeler to learn about the Sabbath.

It Happened Here

Washington, New Hampshire

It was at little Washington, New Hampshire, in 1844, before a denomination to be known as Seventh-day Adventists had been thought of, that one of the cardinal points of their faith, the Sabbath, took root in an Adventist congregation. And unlike many another



Washington, N.H., Church

place where early records were made, Washington has not faded out but has maintained a Seventh-day Adventist church from its beginning.

And Washington has a fame in the world, too, slight perhaps, but proudly borne. At the forks of the roads in the village, a sign proclaims that this is the first town in America to adopt the name of the Father of his Country. Doubtless that is true, for it was so christened in 1776, when George Washington was just ready to turn defeat into victory at Trenton.

Above the historical marker at the center forks stands the civic center, three generous white buildings—the town hall, schoolhouse, and Congregational Church. The general store with the Post Office is a step beyond, and the library. For, remember, New England reads, and the long twilights of winter invite literary browsing.

Great meetings were held here in the early days of the message, when Brother and Sister White and John N. Andrews and others met with them; where Uriah Smith, up from West Wilton, was converted, where "Wooster" Ball, he of the hasty speech and pen, was painfully recovered, where such workers as Eugene W. Farnsworth and Fred L. Mead were fashioned, and crowds of young Farnsworths and Meads and Philbricks and Balls were brought to Christ.

You might think the church lonesome out there in the midst of the woods, now so far from human habitations. When the church was built, it was in the midst of a thriving farm community in every direction; but now the population has withdrawn on all sides. The effect, however, is one of tranquility, not of lonesomeness. You come suddenly through the thick woods and screening undergrowth upon the grassy plot. There stands the sturdy old church building, at the back of its ample yard, serenely regnant over the historic spot; and just across the stone fence is the silent city of the fathers and mothers who remained here while their sons and daughters and grandchildren and great-grandchildren scattered to the four quarters of the earth to carry the message of the King. Sanctuary under the open skies, the woods its palisades, the heaven its dome. This grassy lawn is the nave, and at its end the church its chancel.

We enter. Above is the gallery. And then we stand silent within, looking over the old-fashioned, enclosed pews, up to the simple desk and platform at the front, the familiar charts on the walls and the cabinet organ.

Gazing reverently, reminiscently over the room, we see in memory's eye the preacher, Frederick Wheeler, standing by the communion table, and Widow Rachel Oakes, with corkscrew curls, almost starting to her feet from the Daniel Farnsworth pew, to rebuke him. In '44 it was; the widow we name usually as Rachel Preston. But then she was not yet remarried, and her daughter, Rachel Delight Oakes, the schoolteacher, was not to marry Cyrus Farnsworth for yet three more years. (Rachel Delight Oakes is buried here. Her mother, in Vernon, Vermont.)

After meeting, this Seventh Day Baptist propagandist, direct, outspoken, said to the Methodist-Adventist preacher: "When you said to us that all who would partake of the emblems of the Lord's supper should obey every one of His commandments, I almost rose and told you you would better put the cloth over them and set the table back, until you were ready to obey them all." And thus Frederick Wheeler was introduced to the Sabbath truth, and a few weeks later, so he tells us, in March, 1844,

he kept it for the first time, and preached a sermon about it on that day. He was the first Sabbathkeeping Adventist minister.

We look, and on a Sunday morning a little later we see William Farnsworth rise and declare that he will henceforth keep the Sabbath. And then his younger brother Cyrus, a youth twenty years of age, and their father Daniel and his wife Patty, and Newell Mead, and Willis Huntley. A split it made, some fifteen or eighteen Sabbathkeepers withdrawing to meet in private homes, while the Christian denomination retained the chapel until 1862, though several times they generously offered the building for the use of the Sabbathkeeping Adventists at their general meetings.

And we see John Andrews, a visiting preacher, tall, earnest, cogent, and inspiring, as he leads forward such youth as Eugene Farnsworth, whom he started converting out in the cornfield. And James and Ellen White, in their strong evangelistic, disciplinary efforts—and what discipline did the companies of those early days require!—bringing the church into unity and power. And after them, in the years following, Loughborough, Smith, Cornell, Bourdeau, Haskell, Washington Morse, E. P. Butler. They trail a cloud of glory, these heaven-sent pioneers, through the atmosphere of the old church. We tread the aisles with reverence; we stand with humility and awe behind the desk where the mighties have stood; we silently breathe a prayer of devotion and blessing upon the sanctuary of our fathers.

In Washington the Cyrus Farnsworth place is the other chief spot of historic interest. Here on a May morning of 1845, under the great maples in front of the house, above the lake, sat at least three men, we know not how many others—Cyrus Farnsworth, Frederick Wheeler, Joseph Bates—and discussed the law of God and its neglected Sabbath. Bates had read an article by T. M. Preble, in the *Hope of Israel*, a Portland Adventist paper, setting forth claims of the seventh-day Sabbath. Preble had been a minister of the Freewill Baptists, serving his church at Nashua. But he was excommunicated from his pastorate because of his Advent preaching activities. He lived not far from Frederick Wheeler in Hillsboro, and possibly (though we have no direct evidence) he learned the Sabbath truth from these Washington believers. At any rate he kept the Sabbath for three years, beginning in the summer of 1844, and struck flame with his article and a reprint tract which brought at least two prominent men to the faith, Joseph Bates and John N. Andrews.

The story is told that at his home in Fairhaven, in the eastern town of New Bedford, in southern Massachusetts, Bates read

the article, and shortly determined, in April, to keep the Sabbath. Hearing of the company at Washington, he made a swift pilgrimage up there, found Frederick Wheeler on his borrowed farm in Hillsboro, twelve o'clock at night, talked with him till dawn, and then they drove two miles up to Washington and Cyrus Farnsworth's. It was here, under these ancient maples, that the pact was sealed.

Bates, back at home, was hailed in the morning, on the bridge, by a neighbor and fellow Christian, James Madison Monroe Hall: "What's the news, Captain Bates?" And he said, "The news is that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God." And shortly he was carrying this good news, this gospel, to his world, reaching out to Hiram Edson in western New York, to James and Ellen White up in Maine, to Belden and Chamberlain in Connecticut, to Otis Nichols in Boston, and all the little company who became close-knit upon "the Sabbath of the Lord our God."

Washington village of the New Hampshire hills, cradle of the Sabbath truth! —Adapted from A.W. Spalding, *Footprints*, pp. 29-39.

West Wilton, New Hampshire

Directions

To West Wilton, New Hampshire: Smith Home, Graves

Return on Highway 31 toward Hillsboro. When you pass the Franklin Pierce homestead, turn left on Highway 9 and go two miles east to Highway 202. Turn right at Highway 202 and go south toward Hancock and Petersboro. (This is designated Highway 202 "west" but you are actually going south at this point.)

In Petersboro follow the signs to get to Highway 101 east. Go up over Temple Mountain and on the other side notice Highway 45 going off to your right. From that junction, go 2.3 miles and turn right down a little paved road where the small sign indicates West Wilton. After driving a short distance, you will come to a neat stone fence and turn left. Proceed down the hill to the next intersection. Uriah Smith's birthplace will be on your left, the brick house with the high bushes in front. The white house on the right side of the little road going up the hill to your left was the childhood home of Annie and Uriah Smith.

To get to the cemetery, proceed past the Smith birthplace and back out to Highway 101 on the east side of West Wilton. Once you reach 101, turn right and go eastward half a mile to the next road to your left, Wilton Center Road. Go .7 mile on this road and turn right at the T. Go down the hill past the Baptist Church (bear to your right) and you will come abruptly to a cemetery on your left. Turn in and park your car. Walk up the paved road and turn left just past the McGregor marker. Go up the hill toward the upper fence of the cemetery through the cleared area. Turn right at the pine trees, and the second plot on your left will be the Smith family plot.

Time Capsule

West Wilton, New Hampshire

1828, Annie R. Smith born.

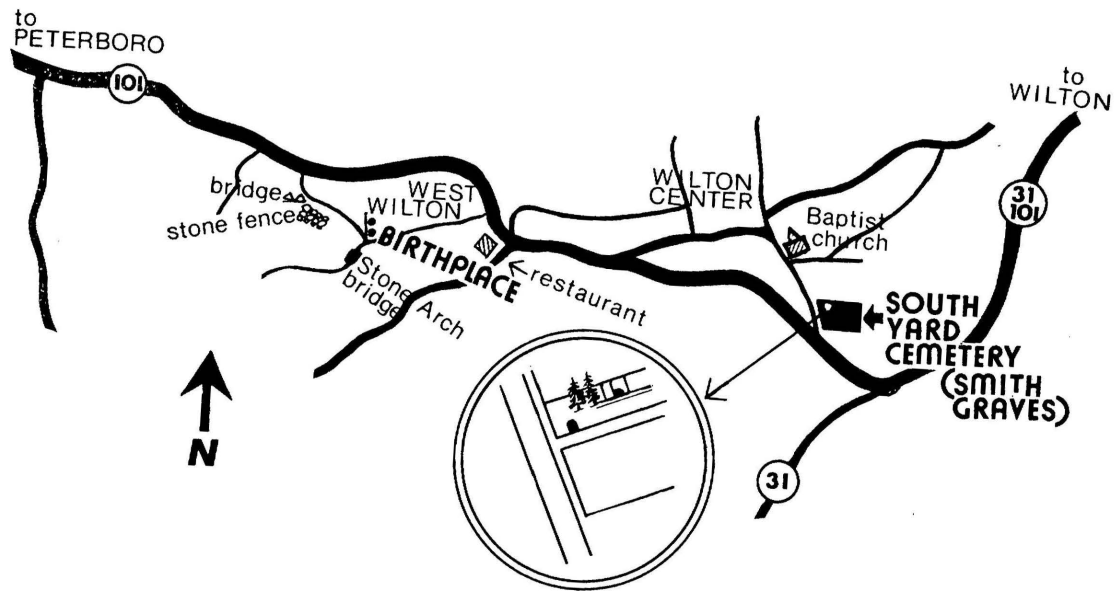
1832, Uriah Smith born.

1855, Annie R. Smith dies.

It Happened Here

West Wilton, New Hampshire

In New Hampshire we come to a spot dear to the memory of Seventh-day Adventists as the childhood home of Annie and Uriah Smith, sister and brother, the first of whom was to make an ineffaceable impression upon our cause by her brief but vital service and by her hymns; and the latter of whom was to prove for half a century one of the pillars of the church. No better examples are there of New Hampshire's granite, not only in the beautiful character that results from its polishing, but in the indomitable grit that comes from its grinding.



On the main street is the large brick house which was the first residence of the Smiths, where the children were born. Up a side street is the home of their youth, the scene of Uriah's operation, and where the family lived when the Seventh-day Adventist faith came to them. Here, too, Annie died in 1855.

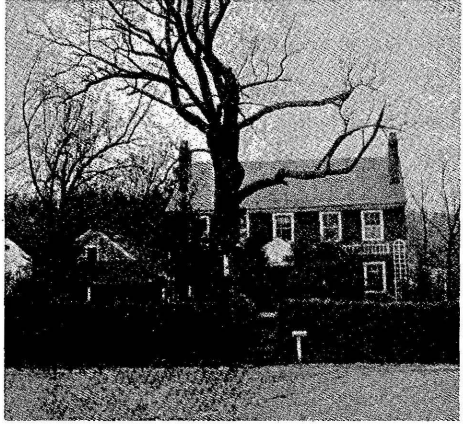
In this house Joseph Bates conferred with the mother, that day in 1851, when she laid the cases of her children upon his heart, and together they planned the meeting in Massachusetts where Annie received

the message from Elder Bates. Mrs. Rebekah Smith says that the meeting was at "Sister Temple's in Boston."

Mrs. Rebekah Smith and her children were believers in the doctrine of William Miller in the 1844 movement; but after the Disappointment the children's attention turned away. Their mother, however, in 1851, accepted the seventh-day Sabbath from the teaching of Joseph Bates, and "continually strove to guide her children into a deep Christian experience."

It was because of her solicitation and prayers that Annie was led, in 1851, to go to Elder Bates' meeting, and there was impressed to accept the faith of her mother. Annie had been studying at the Ladies Female Seminary in Charlestown, Mass., fitting herself "for a teacher in Oil Painting and French."

Before long, Annie began suffering from eyestrain. While trying



Smith Birthplace



Smith Childhood Home

to make a sketch of Boston and Charlestown from a hill three miles away, she realized that her eyesight was rapidly becoming less clear. An infection may have developed. At any rate, the young girl almost completely lost her sight. Bitterly disappointed, she began taking treatment. While resting at home, to please her mother, she decided to go to hear Elder Bates. The night before, she dreamed that she was late to the meeting. Upon entering the room she took the only vacant seat, a chair by the door, and she saw a tall, noble, pleasant-looking man pointing to a chart, and repeating, "Unto two thousand and three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." That night Elder Bates dreamed the same thing from his point of view.

Annie started for the meeting in ample time, but missed the way, so that she was indeed late. Every point in her dream came to pass, and when Elder Bates saw her enter, his dream flashed into his mind. The coincidence brought them together in reciprocal states of mind, and, says her mother, "In about three weeks" Annie "committed herself upon the Sabbath and its attendant truths."

The next week she sent to the *Review and Herald* her poem "Fear Not, Little Flock," which was her first to appear in that paper, in the issue of September 16, 1851.

James and Ellen White immediately invited her to come and connect with the paper then being published in Saratoga Springs, New York. Annie replied that she was unable to do so, because of the condition of her eyes. "Come anyway," they answered. And she went. Upon her arrival, prayer was offered for her recovery, and immediately her eyes were healed and strengthened, so that she took up her duties at once as assistant to the editor.

"With strong faith and fervent zeal," writes her mother, "she entered heartily into the work. She rejoiced in the new-found truth. The whole current of her mind was changed, and nobler aspirations took possession of her heart." Annie herself wrote: "Oh, praise His name for what He has done for me! I feel a sweet foretaste of the glories of that better world—an earnest of that inheritance—and I am determined by His grace to overcome every obstacle, endure the cross, despising the shame, so that an entrance may be administered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Annie lived but three years thereafter, to give service to the cause, and that in its earliest days; but her sweet self-effacing, inspiring spirit has left its mark upon our work to this day. In Rochester, where the *Review and Herald* moved in 1852, she

contracted tuberculosis, and died at her home, under her mother's solicitous care, July 28, 1855. In recent years a painting by Annie, believed to be a self-portrait, has come to light, enabling us to visualize the author of those deathless hymns, "How Far From Home?" and "The Blessed Hope."

Uriah, younger than Annie by four years, in early youth showed remarkable talent in art and poetry. He was class poet during his school days at Phillips Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire. Later, his woodcuts would provide Adventist journals with their earliest illustrations. He was skilled also in mechanical arts, as he well proved in his maturity. Among his inventions was an adjustable school desk, a great improvement upon those of the time, which had a wide sale. And there is in the Review and Herald office a prized heirloom, Editor Smith's rolltop desk, made by his own hands.

When Uriah was fourteen years old, an illness resulting in a local infection required the amputation of his left leg above the knee. Losing a leg in those days was not an experience of being ministered to by white robed surgeons and nurses, with a merciful anesthetic and competent hospital care. Dr. Amos Twit-chell, a noted surgeon of near-by Keene, cut it off and bound it up in twenty minutes, while the boy's mother held his hands; and afterward she and his loving sister gave home ministry.

Nevertheless, he made a sort of blessing out of this youthful calamity. For, while at first he must use the clumsy artificial limb of the period, with a solid foot, it irked him so that he set to work and invented a pliable foot, which he patented, and with the money received from its sale he bought his first house in Battle Creek. He always walked with a cane, however, and in our mind's eye we see him yet, coming with a limp down Washington Street, bound for his editorial office. The Review and Herald building burned, however, two months before his death.

Uriah's conversion followed his sister Annie's about a year later, when he attended a meeting at Washington, New Hampshire. And in March, 1853, he entered the employ (for board and lodging only) for the struggling church paper at Rochester, New York. In 1855, when the publishing business was moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, Uriah Smith was made editor, and he continued with the paper for forty-eight years, to the day of his death. Editor, preacher, author, organizer, and officer, he was one of the great fathers of the Seventh-day Adventist church.

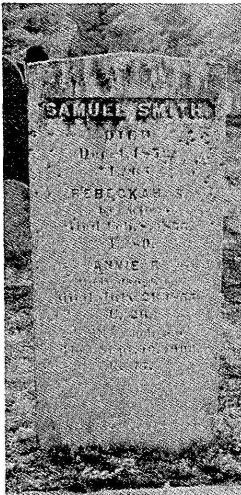
The father of the family was Samuel Smith, a man of ability and at one time of wealth. He was a highway builder and contractor, and his mechanical genius was seen also in his sons. In

his later years he suffered financial reverses, which greatly reduced the family's resources, and were responsible for the failure of Uriah's ambition to enter Harvard. Samuel Smith died December 1, 1852, after Annie had accepted the Sabbath and just before Uriah made his momentous decision.

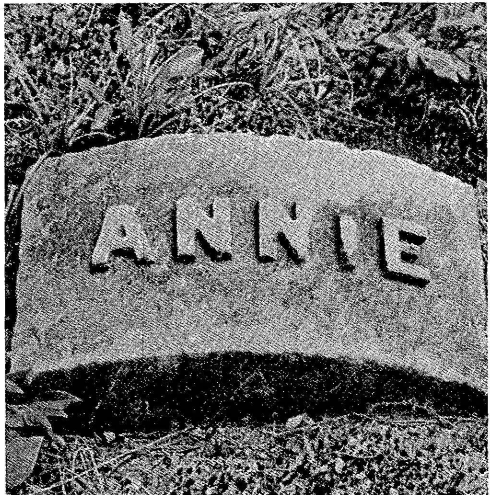
Their mother, Rebekah Spalding Smith, was a lady of culture and fine sensibilities, also of a lively disposition, tempered by her piety. Only a few days before her death she walked to a neighboring town, eight miles and back. However, she disciplined her gaiety into her mission; and the breathings of her piety show not only in her influence upon her children but in her writings. Some of her poems appeared from time to time in the *Review* and *Herald*. She lived until 1875.

Up in the Wilton Center Cemetery, on the slope of a hill looking over the rugged countryside, one stone suffices for Samuel, Rebekah, Annie, and brother John, the last six years Uriah's senior. He and Uriah died the same year, 1903, but Uriah six months before his brother. The other brother, Samuel Junior, Archibald's father, is buried in a separate lot.

We tread with reverence this soil; we view with deep emotion these scenes, where nearly a century ago these saints of God devoted their talents and their lives to the forwarding of the gospel in these last days. And we depart with the sense of a benediction upon us from those who have laid off the armor but passed their office on to us.—Adapted from A.W. Spalding, *Footprints*, pp. 123-129.



Smith Family Marker



Annie's Grave

South Lancaster, Massachusetts

Directions **West Wilton to South Lancaster: Atlantic Union College**

From the cemetery proceed down the hill about .1 mile, turn left and proceed eastward on Highway 101 through Wilton toward Milford. Stay on Highway 101 (do not take 101A) and take Highway 13 south toward Fitchburg. Before you reach Fitchburg, continue to follow Highway 13 off to your left toward Leominster. In the Leominster area, watch carefully for the signs for Highway 2 east. Take Highway 2 east to the first exit, where you will take Highway 190 south. At Exit 7, the next exit, take Highway 117 east toward Lancaster. Go 2.5 miles to the Nashua River, just past Ponakin Road on your left and Langen Road on your right. Immediately after crossing the bridge, see the Bennett House on your right, where J. N. Andrews lived. Follow the signs to Lancaster (you will make a right turn at one point). Go through Lancaster, and a little beyond you will come to Atlantic Union College. Behind the administration building is Founders' Hall.

Proceed on past the administration building and girls' dormitory and turn right on Prescott Street, then left on Sawyer Street. On your right will be the village church in South Lancaster. The public relations office in the administration building of the college has tourist information pertaining to the college and points of interest in New England.

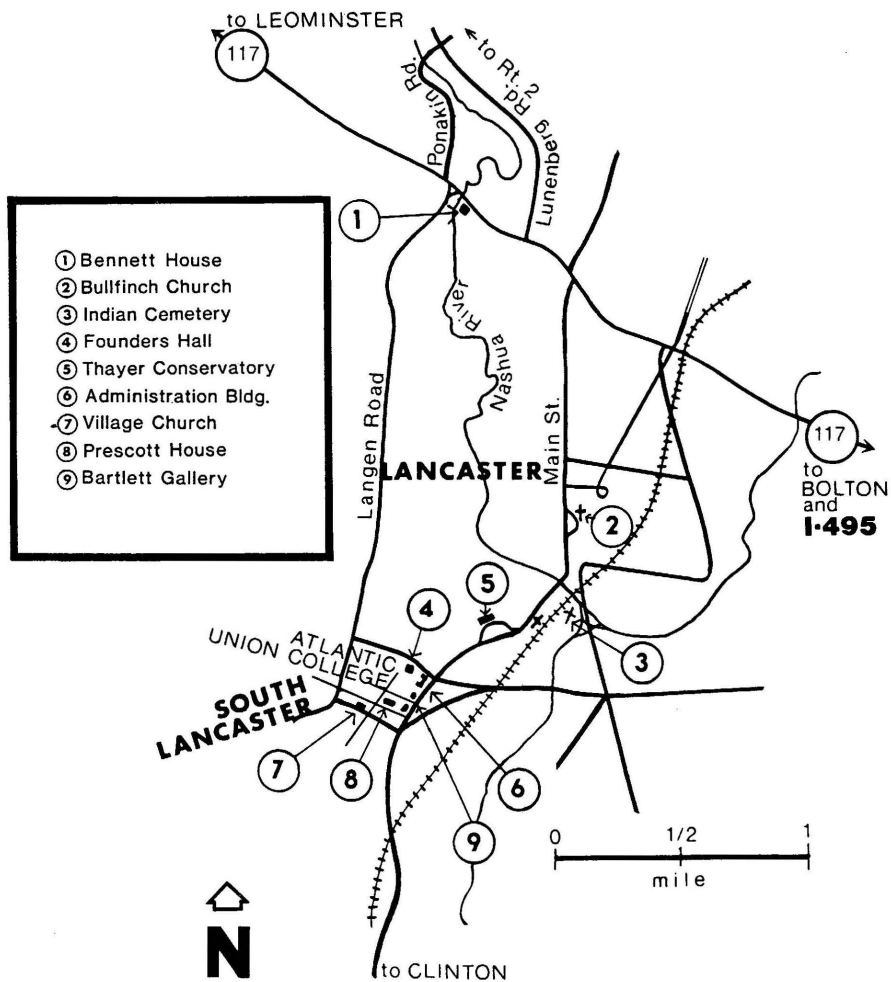
America Along The Way

The Bullfinch Church

The fifth minister of the town of Lancaster was Nathaniel Thayer, a Harvard graduate, class of 1796. He came to Lancaster as assistant pastor in 1798 and stayed there until 1843. By coincidence, he was also the builder of the fifth meetinghouse, which is the current Bullfinch Church. Congregationalist in the early days, it is now a Unitarian-Universalist meetinghouse.

This building is considered as Bullfinch's twenty-first and finest church, built in the classical motif that he had used elsewhere, but this time applied to a church structure. This was the first church in America not built with an interior structure holding it together. With the whitened pillars, which are brick themselves, against the red brick, this building was one of the finest expressions of the Federal Style which Bullfinch had created.

The bell, cast by Paul Revere, was the ninth bell that he had cast for a church after the American Revolution. The year 1816 was remembered as the year without a summer. It snowed every month that year, including July 4, the day the Bullfinch



Church was dedicated. The act of dedication was read by the Marquis de Lafayette, who was making a triumphal tour of the American states on the fortieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which he also read. He played his fife. Upstairs in the church there is still a banner which reads, "Welcome, Lafayette," left over from that ceremony. The bell, rung for the first time on that day, is still in weekly use.

Inside, boxes for each family are paid for yearly. There are footwarmers and brass nameplates going back to the building of the church. The color plan is off-white and grey, with maroon carpet and curtains. Heat is provided entirely by two wood stoves. From the day of its dedication until now, there have been weekly services and the Bullfinch Church is a National Historic Landmark.

The Indian Cemetery

Four of the earliest Lancaster meetinghouses were successively located on this site. Its name derives from the fact that an Indian massacre was the reason for its creation in the first place. Some of the graves are of special interest in that they show the old headstone-footstone manner of marking the length of the grave. In some cases the inscription that begins on the headstone continues on the footstone. Several people who are buried in the lowest part of the cemetery were born in the sixteenth century and clearly were immigrants to America. The stones are remarkable for their changing styles. Also, on some of them words are misspelled and the stone mason did not know in which direction letters went. He would sometimes get his "e's" backwards, or his "v's" turned sideways like "c's." With the changing times in the seventeenth century, you see the development of such novelties as skulls wearing periwigs, then developing into full faces and beginning to look like revolutionary heroes.

Some touching verse is found on some stones, much of it still fairly uneven, though Iambic Pentameter and the Spenserian stanza clearly takes over. The poems are about death, of course, and among them is found clear contrast between the conception of a conscious, continued state for the dead, or a sleep with hope of a resurrection. Both ideas are about evenly represented in the graveyard.

**It
Happened
Here**

South Lancaster, Massachusetts

In South Lancaster, the Vigilant Missionary Society was organized in 1869. It consisted of a group of Adventist women who were sharing their faith through correspondence and tract distribution. Building on their work, S. N. Haskell organized the

first Adventist Tract and Missionary Society in 1870, an idea which was adopted by the whole church four years later at a General Conference Session. Today's lay witnessing programs trace their origins to these initial efforts in South Lancaster.

In 1882, Stephen Haskell called an important meeting which resulted in the founding of South Lancaster Academy the next year. In 1918 the school became a junior college, and in 1922, Atlantic Union College. AUC is the oldest SDA college standing on its original site.

Founders Hall

The old academy building, now restored as Founders Hall, includes a large collection of art works and Adventist memorabilia. Especially significant is the Miller Chapel. It contains matching full-length portraits of William Miller and his wife, Lucy Paulina Miller, done by the famous American primitive artist Horace Bundy, himself a circuit-riding preacher during the Advent movement of the 1830's and '40's. Also in the chapel is an 1843 Millerite chart and Miller's pulpit. Today this venerable structure is the oldest Seventh-day Adventist educational building still standing.



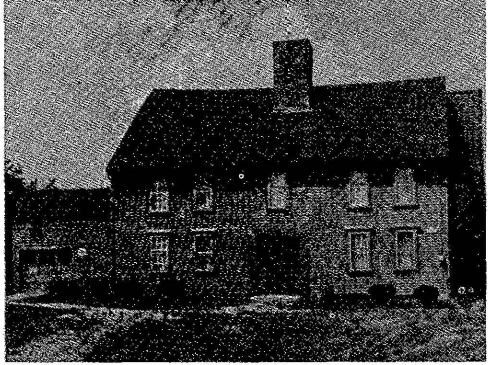
Founders Hall

Tours of the campus can be arranged through a visit to the Campus Center.

John B. Bennett Home

The John B. Bennett house (where J. N. Andrews lived from 1872-1874) on Route 117 in the north village is one of the oldest Lancaster houses still standing. Lancaster, founded in 1653, is one of the oldest towns in North America. However, it was burned in 1675 and again in 1704. The Bennett house appears on maps some time after that, so it is an early eighteenth-century house. It appears to be what came to be called a "salt-box house" because it resembled salt boxes on dining tables in the period of the China trade. Before that they were simply

known as lean-to houses for the simple reason that the lower the eaves, the lower the taxes. It is a large house, with a central chimney, typical four-over-four rooms, with several of the bull's-eye glass panes in the windows still intact. The original large hearth still adorns the downstairs room. The house has been restored by its present owners, who painted it brick red, an authentic color.



Where J. N. Andrews Lived

The house probably looks very much today as it did when it was built. Its present owners find some charm in the fact that the house has historical significance, but prefer not to be disturbed by tourists.

J. N. Andrews came to Lancaster after his wife died in 1872 and became pastor of the village church. In this house he worked on a revision of his *History of the Sabbath*. The first edition had been published in 1861, and his revision appeared in 1873. It was from this house that Andrews and his two children began their journey to Europe, sailing in 1874 on the ship *Atlas*, thus becoming the first official overseas missionaries of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

The Thayer Conservatory of Music

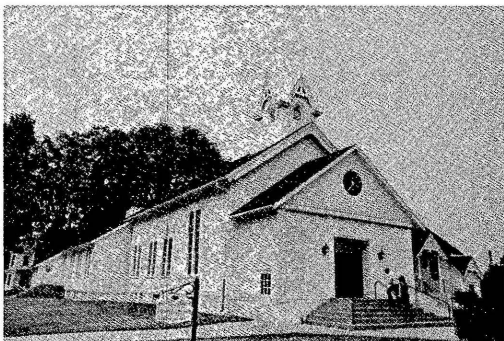
In the mid-nineteenth century the sons of the Reverend Nathaniel Thayer, who had arrived in Lancaster in 1796, took down his small parsonage and built a palatial Victorian manse, boasting the largest formal hall and staircase in New England. For sentimental reasons, materials from the old house were incorporated into the new. The house was re-done in the 1880's, and completed in 1902 in the Georgian Revival style.

Eventually, because of changing fortunes, the massive old home became a financial burden and was sold privately. After its rare collections were auctioned off in 1942, the building, with 140 acres of land, was sold to the college.

Today, as Thayer Conservatory of Music, with restoration continuing, some of its past charm is reappearing. The property is listed on the National Register of Historic Places for the State of Massachusetts.

South Lancaster Village Church

In the early 1850's a family named Priest arrived in North Lancaster. Lewis Priest had embraced the doctrine of the imminent coming of Christ as taught by William Miller. He passed through the Disappointment of 1844 without giving up his



Village Church

faith. On April 30, 1864, with a membership of eight, including Stephen Haskell and his wife Mary, the first South Lancaster Church was organized in the Priest home by Elder J. N. Loughborough. After moving several times, in 1877 the Adventist group pledged to raise \$3,000 for a new church, 32 x 56 feet. This small structure is now the southeast section of the present church building. Bricks for the foundation wall were hauled to the site by ox team. In May, 1878, the building was completed and dedicated. One report of the South Lancaster Church in 1868 stated that there were "21 members in all; none are rich; most of them are poor."

The same man who had served as first local elder of the South Lancaster church, Stephen Nelson Haskell, now stepped out by faith and opened a school for Seventh-day Adventist youth. As students arrived and membership grew, a new wing had to be added to the church. This was completed in 1897.

In this enlarged building, the 33rd session of the General Conference was held in February-March, 1899. One of the speakers was the pioneer, J. N. Loughborough, who recalled his experience in organizing the South Lancaster church thirty-five years earlier.

By 1943, membership had again outgrown its quarters, and so the great west addition was constructed at a cost of over \$46,000. Soon this, too, was inadequate as the college expanded. For a time double services were held, but the problem was more successfully dealt with by having separate services in the College Chapel.

The church, organized back in 1864 with the same membership as Noah had in his ark—eight souls—was the first SDA church in New England to go over the 1000 mark in membership.

Prescott House

"It has not been our endeavor to build something grand or elegant, and yet it would not be proper to erect a mere shack here in connection with our school buildings," wrote E. K. Slade in 1921, in explanation of the new Atlantic Union Conference office, completed that year. The building was called "Prescott House" because in the nineteenth century one of the town's founders, Thomas Prescott, had a granary in this area.

The lowest floor of the new building was used as a hydrotherapy clinic. In those days the teaching of hydrotherapy was a regular part of the school's curriculum. On the first floor were the Union offices, and there were three family apartments upstairs.

In 1964 a new Union headquarters was built, and the College took over the old office for classroom space. A large vault, still remaining, is the only reminder of the building's original use. Today the building houses several departments of the college educational program.

Mabel R. Bartlett Art Gallery

In order to rid Main Street, South Lancaster, of the sight of patients walking, sitting, and being pushed in wheelchairs to and from the Adventist Sanitarium built there in 1898, the wealthy John Eliot Thayer purchased the property for \$50,000. The Sanitarium was moved to a site near Boston, and Thayer, a leading ornithologist, built a small museum on the property he had bought, to house his growing collections from various expeditions.

The Thayer family's interests gradually moved elsewhere and public interest in the museum declined. In 1973 the small plot rejoined the campus from which it had been separated seventy years earlier. The major portion of the building now houses the Art Department.

Concord, Lexington, And Boston

Directions

South Lancaster to Concord, Lexington, Massachusetts

Return through Lancaster and take Highway 117 eastward toward Bolton. Continue to Highway 495 and take it north. Then take Highway 2 east (Exit 29A for Acton and Boston). Go around the rotary and continue on Highway 2 east and then Highway 2A to Concord. At the center of Concord, turn left on Highway 62 and follow the tan signs toward the old North Bridge and the Minuteman Battle Ground. Near the parking lot is the Old Manse. Seek tourist information and local maps in Concord or just east of Concord on your way to Lexington Green. After returning to Concord, take Highway 2A toward Lexington and Boston. This will also be Lexington Road, on which a number of literary figures lived.

On your way to Lexington, you will be on the "Battle Road" along which the British troops advanced on April 19, 1775. Along a portion of this route, Paul Revere had earlier ridden, warning the farmers of the approach of the British. Stay on the Battle Road, Highway 2A into the middle of Lexington and the Lexington Green where the first shots were fired.

America Along The Way

Concord

Concord was settled in 1635. Here, in 1774, John Hancock presided over the first Provincial Congress, the Minutemen were organized, and war supplies were stored. In the early morning of April 19, 1775, 800 British troops marched from Boston to seize the supplies. By the "rude bridge that arched the flood" (Concord River), the Battle of Concord was fought.

Later Concord was the home of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and William Ellery Channing. (Tapes for walking tours are available at the gift shop in the Wright Tavern.)

Sites include Emerson House, home of Ralph Waldo Emerson from 1835 until his death in 1882; Minute Man National Historical Park, and Minuteman Statue adjacent to the bridge which separated colonists from the British during the Revolutionary War. A stanza from Emerson's "Concord Hymn" is engraved on the statue which commemorates the Battle of Concord. Also in Concord are the Old Manse, where Ralph Waldo Emerson spent much of his boyhood, the Orchard House, the home where Louisa May Alcott wrote *Little Women*, and Walden Pond. A sign on the north shore of the pond marks the site where Henry Thoreau built his cabin in 1845.

Lexington

Lexington Green or Common: Massachusetts Avenue and Bedford Street, site of the first skirmish of the Revolutionary War, April 19, 1775, between Minutemen and Concord-bound British troops. On the night of the 18th, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, warned of the British approach, gathered local patriots at Lexington. After dispersing the Minutemen, the British proceeded to Concord, where the second battle of the day was fought.

The line of Minutemen is marked by a boulder inscribed with Captain John Parker's courageous words: "Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Boston

The Bunker Hill Monument is actually in Charlestown.

The battle of Bunker Hill, actually fought on Breed's Hill, occurred on June 17, 1775, two months after the battles of Lexington and Concord. It was occasioned by British General Gage's effort to lift the siege the colonial soldiers had laid around Boston. The Colonists, though badly outnumbered, repulsed two British assaults before their ammunition ran out. They left 140 dead to the British casualties of 226.

Christian Science Publishing House, Mass. Avenue and Norway Streets, boasts a replica of the world, built as a hollow globe. A glass bridge passes through the equator. Nearby is the Christian Science "Mother Church," opened December, 1894. Mrs. Eddy's last home, "Chestnut Hill," is located at 400 Beacon Street in Newton. She lived here from 1908 until 1910.

Old North Church, 193 Salem Street, at the foot of Hull Street, is the oldest church in Boston. From the steeple of this church the lanterns signaled Paul Revere to begin his famous ride.

The U. S. S. Constitution can be visited in the Charlestown Navy Shipyard, across the Charles River at Wapping and Chelsea Streets. Engagements with the British in the War of 1812 earned her the nickname "Old Ironsides." Paul Revere made the bolts and copper sheathing for the ship.

Plymouth, Massachusetts

Directions

Plymouth, Massachusetts

From Lexington or Boston, follow the appropriate Freeway routes to reach Highway 3 going south along the coast toward Plymouth, Mass. If time and budget permit, a visit to "Plymouth Plantation" south of Plymouth is well worthwhile. "Plymouth Plantation" is a working reproduction of the original Plymouth settlement. The orientation film gives the history of the settlement, and actors who are working and living in the village bring the Pilgrim's experience to life.

To see Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower II, get off at Exit 6, Highway 44, and follow the signs. To go to "Plymouth Plantation" proceed to Exit 4 and take the "Plymouth Plantation Highway."

America Along The Way

Plymouth

Those who began the settlement of New England at Plymouth in 1620 were "Separatists," a Puritan sect which believed the Church of England so corrupt as to demand their total separation from it. To avoid persecution, they fled England for Holland in 1608-09, but were unhappy there. Their children were growing up Dutch, the only work they could find was poorly paid, and some were losing their adherence to Separatist beliefs because of the appeal of other religions which flourished under Dutch tolerance.

They applied to British merchants to sponsor them in a venture to the New World, agreeing to work for seven years as a community and then split the profits among themselves and their sponsors. One hundred and two persons boarded the *Mayflower*, and after a stormy passage, landed at the tip of Cape Cod, near the present Provincetown, in December, 1620. Scouting parties eventually selected Plymouth as a more suitable location for agriculture. Tradition designates "Plymouth Rock" as the spot where the scouting party landed. After losing half their number to disease the first winter, their fortunes improved. Friendly Indians offered practical advice on farming methods, and the first year's bountiful harvest was celebrated by the first "Thanksgiving."

In his book, *Life Incidents*, James White reported that his father was descended from one of the Pilgrims who came on the ship *Mayflower* and landed on Plymouth Rock in December, 1620. Genealogical records published in 1900 trace James' ancestry through Peregrine White to the family of John White, of Salem, known to be in New England in 1638.

Fairhaven, Massachusetts

Directions

Plymouth to Fairhaven, Massachusetts

From Plymouth, take Highway 3 south toward Buzzard's Bay. Just before going over the bridge take Highway 6 west and follow the signs to get to Interstate 195. A portion of the time you will be on Highway 25. The exit from Highway 25 will indicate Interstate 195 west for New Bedford and Providence.

Once on Interstate 195, continue to Exit 18, which will be Highway 240, going south. Follow 240 to Highway 6 then turn right and follow Highway 6 1.3 miles to Main Street in Fairhaven. At first you will be on Washington Street, but soon the road branches, and you will be on Huttelston Street.

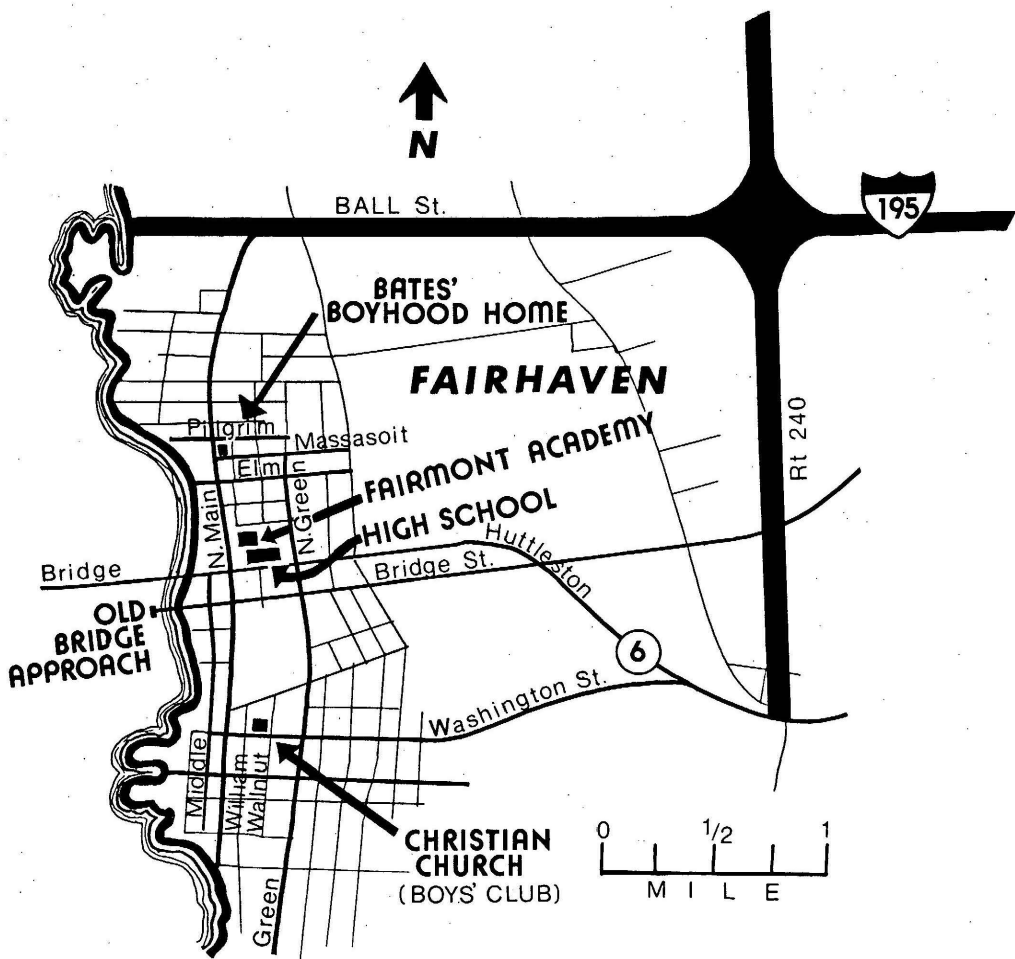
You will cross France Street, then Green Street and then see the Fairhaven High School, a large, beautiful building which looks like a European mansion. Just beyond and a little behind the high school is Fairhaven Academy, a yellow frame building.

Turn right at the next street beyond the high school, Main Street, and go up to the corner of Massasoit and Main. Joseph Bates' boyhood home, "Meadow Farm," is a yellow house, set well back in trees and shrubbery, at 191 Main Street. The house is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Darden. Please phone them if you want to see the home. Their phone number is 617-996-8102.

Return south on Main Street to Highway 6 and turn right. Go one short block to the next stoplight, Middle Street, and turn left just before reaching the Skipper Restaurant. Go down Middle Street just past the Skipper Motor Inn and turn right between the Inn and the auto body shop. Ahead you will see the approaches to the old bridge across which Joseph Bates was walking after returning from Washington, NH, when a friend hailed him with, "Brother Bates, what is the news?"

"The news is the seventh day is the Sabbath," Bates replied.

Return to Middle Street, turn right and continue south past the Oldsmobile dealership and turn left. This will be Washington Street although there is no street sign. Cross Main Street and Williams Street and in the next block, between Williams and Walnut, you will see the Boys' Club of Fairhaven, the old Washington Street Christian Connection Meetinghouse which Joseph Bates and his friends helped to build. Proceed to the stop sign at Green Street, turn left, and go back to Highway 6. Turn left again at Highway 6 and proceed past the high school and over the bridge to New Bedford, watching for signs directing you to Interstate 195 and Providence, Rhode Island.



Time Capsule

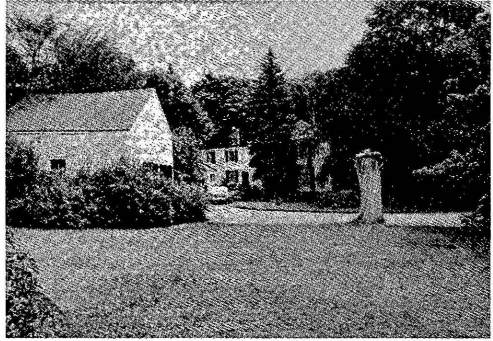
Fairhaven, Mass.

1793, Bates family moves to Fairhaven.
 1798, Joseph Bates Sr. helps build Fairhaven Academy.
 1807, Joseph Bates goes to sea, first as cabin boy, later as captain.
 1818, Married to Prudence Nye.
 1828, Leaves the sea.
 1831, Helps build Christian meetinghouse.
 1846, Publishes tract, "Seventh-day Sabbath a Perpetual Sign".
 1858, Moves to Monterey, Michigan.

It Happened Here

Fairhaven, Mass.

New Bedford was a whaling town back in the days when the great sea mammals furnished most of the illuminating oil, the lubricating oil, and even some of the edible oil that the world knew. Not only whalers but merchantmen sailed from New Bedford to Euro-



Bates Boyhood Home

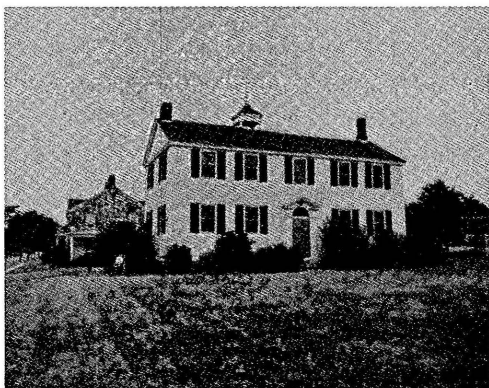
pean ports, to South America (east and west coasts), to China, to Australia, even to Japan. But New Bedford, with its junior sister Fairhaven across the Acushnet River, carries a more intimate interest to us, because here was the home of Joseph Bates, the oldest of the three founders of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination.

Here, in 1793, came to live the boy Joseph Bates when less than a year old. His father, also named Joseph, made his residence on the "Meadow Farm," the house still standing.

The elder Joseph Bates was one of fourteen men who, in 1798, banded together to build the Fairhaven Academy, which opened in 1800 and continued into the '40's. Joseph Bates the younger doubtless attended this academy, which still stands under the care of a historical society. Here, with little doubt, the boy Joseph attended school from his eighth to his fifteenth years.

But "in my schoolboy days," he says, "my most ardent desire was to become a sailor." Accordingly, in 1807, Joseph Bates, in

his fifteenth year sailed on his maiden voyage to England. On the way he had a spill into the sea where, on the other side of the ship, swam serene and unknowingly the shark that had followed them for days. And from here, on his sec



Fairhaven Academy

ond voyage, two years later, he sailed into the grip of Danish privateers, tools of Bonaparte in his fight against all merchandising with Britain. And though escaping from this capture, he reached England, he was not to see home; for before ever he returned he had spent five years of servitude in King George's fighting ships and as prisoner of war when America and England came to grips in the War of 1812.

From hence, also, after his return in full manhood, he sailed as second mate, first mate, and finally master of ships, first to Europe, then in successful adventurous voyages to South America, coming at last to be captain, supercargo, and part owner of vessels, whereby he made his modest fortune, twelve thousand dollars, and retired. Converted in solitude aboard his ship and reformed from evil habits of drinking, smoking, swearing, he became a model of health reform and spiritual power for a people and a cause as yet he did not know.

It was 1828 when Joseph Bates, home from a voyage to South America, left the sea, twenty-one years from the time when he first sailed as cabin boy. Six weeks before his return his noble, devoted father had died, in his will bidding his son Joseph to help his mother settle the estate. Within a year his mother died also, leaving him the Meadow Farm, where he dwelt for three years.

Joseph Bates had a faithful and devoted wife, who as a girl was Prudence Nye. Prudence he had known while still a youth; and when in 1818 they were married, it was to walk the road of life together for fifty-two years. For the first ten of these years she was the typical sea captain's wife, waiting through long voyages in hope, happily in her case never disappointed, of seeing him again. She planted a Bible in his sea chest, and other

books of devotion that really brought him to his Saviour. And while he doubted his acceptance, she hailed the evidence of his letters and his diaries as proof of his conversion, and she encouraged him to know that he was accepted of Christ. So when he came to land before his last voyage, he joined her church, the Christian Connection.

Now, when in 1831, he sold his first residence to his brother, he joined with three other members of his church to build a Christian meetinghouse on Washington Street, in which he kept an interest until a change of views in 1839 induced him to dispose of it. That church building, on the corner of



Church Bates Built

Washington and Walnut Streets, is now used for a boys' club.

We do not know where he was living when on that memorable morning in 1846 he sat down to write his book, *The Seventh-day Sabbath, a Perpetual Sign*, with a single York shilling, the remnant of his fortune, in his pocket, and rose to spend his shilling for four pounds of flour.

"Joseph," said his wife, coming in from the kitchen, "I haven't enough flour to finish my baking."

"That so?" commented her husband. "How much flour do you lack?"

"Oh, about four pounds," said she.

"All right." And shortly he rose and went out, and buying four pounds of flour, came in and left it on the kitchen table while she was temporarily out. But immediately she was at his door again, with a suspicion which she hoped he might disprove.

"Joseph, where did this flour come from?"

"I bought it. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes; but have you, Captain Joseph Bates, a man who has sailed with cargoes worth thousands of dollars, gone out and bought just four pounds of flour?"

"Wife, for those four pounds of flour I spent the last money I have on earth."

It was true, then! Prudence Bates was a devoted wife. She had approved of her husband's spending his money in the cause of the coming of Christ, for she held with him in that. But she left finances in his hands; and as their fortunes dwindled, she pressed back the fear and the question of how much he had left. Now she knew. Moreover, she was not with him in this new Sabbath truth, nor would she be for another four years. During that time he used to drive with her to her Christian church on Sunday, go home, and come back to get her after service, for he would not keep the pope's sabbath; he kept the Lord's Sabbath. In 1850 she followed him into the third angel's message with its Sabbath truth, and for twenty years, until her death, she was a devoted and beautiful Sabbathkeeping Christian worker. But now!

Her apron flew to her eyes, as the tears flowed, and with sobbing voice she cried, "What are we going to do?"

Joseph Bates rose to his full height. "I am going to write a book on the Sabbath, and distribute it everywhere, to carry the truth to the people," he said.

"Yes, but what are we going to live on?"

"Oh, the Lord will provide."

"Yes! 'The Lord will provide'! That's what you always say." Exit, with sobs and tears.

Well, Joseph Bates couldn't do anything about it, that he knew. So he turned from his husbandly duties to his apostleship duties, and began to write. Within half an hour he was impressed that he should go to the post office, for a letter with money in it. He went, and found the letter, which contained a ten dollar bill, from a man who said he felt impressed that Elder Bates needed money. With this he purchased ample supplies, sending them ahead to a surprised wife. When he arrived at home, she excitedly demanded to know where they came from.

"Oh," said he, "The Lord sent them."

"What do you mean, 'The Lord sent them'?"

"Prudy," said he, "read this letter, and you will know how the Lord provides."

Prudence Bates read it; and then she went in and had another good cry, but for a different reason.

And the message of the Sabbath went over the land. Today more than four million believers throughout the world are the result. And all the world knows the message. Somewhere in Fairhaven, if not on this spot, Joseph Bates paid his lone York shilling as an act of faith that he was the servant of Jehovah-

jirah, the Lord who would provide. And he believed not in vain.
—Adapted from A.W. Spalding, *Footsteps*, pp. 40-48.

**America
Along
The
Way**

New Bedford Whaling Museum, 18 Johnny Cake Hill, contains glassware, whaling relics, scrimshaw and replicas of ships related to whaling.

Old Sturbridge Village. A working reproduction of an 1830's village and surrounding farms, is a delightful introduction to the world in which Adventism had its beginnings. Included are a printing establishment complete with a hand press similar to the Washington Hand Press on which the early *Reviews* were printed. Near the interchange of Mass. Turnpike (Highway 90) and Interstate 86, southwest of Worcester and South Lancaster.

Rocky Hill, Connecticut

Directions **New Bedford, Massachusetts To Rocky Hill, Connecticut.**

Take Interstate 195 west toward Fall River and Providence, Rhode Island. Stay on Highway 195 through Providence, then on the west side of Providence, jog north along interstate 295 to catch Highway 6 west. Take Highway 6 west to the Connecticut Turnpike (Highway 52), and go south to the area of Norwich, Conn. From Norwich, take Highway 2 west toward Hartford. Continue on Highway 2 until you reach Highway 3. Take Highway 3 west across the toll bridge toward Weathersfield, then take Interstate 91 south toward New York City.

Get off at Exit 23, West Street, Rocky Hill. (This is also the exit for Dinosaur State Park.) At the end of the off ramp, turn right and proceed westward to the stop light, then turn right and take Highway 3 (Cromwell Avenue) north. Almost immediately you turn left on France Street and go westward about half a mile to 134 France Street on your left.

Alan and Shiela Gasuk, the present owners, have expended a great deal of effort and have gone to considerable expense to restore the Belden farm, but they have preserved the "unfinished chamber" upstairs for the benefit of Adventists. It was in this chamber that the 1848 Sabbath Conference was held, and it was here that James and Ellen White lived when they launched the *Present Truth*. Here also their son, Edson, was born in 1849.

Time Capsule **Rocky Hill, Conn.**

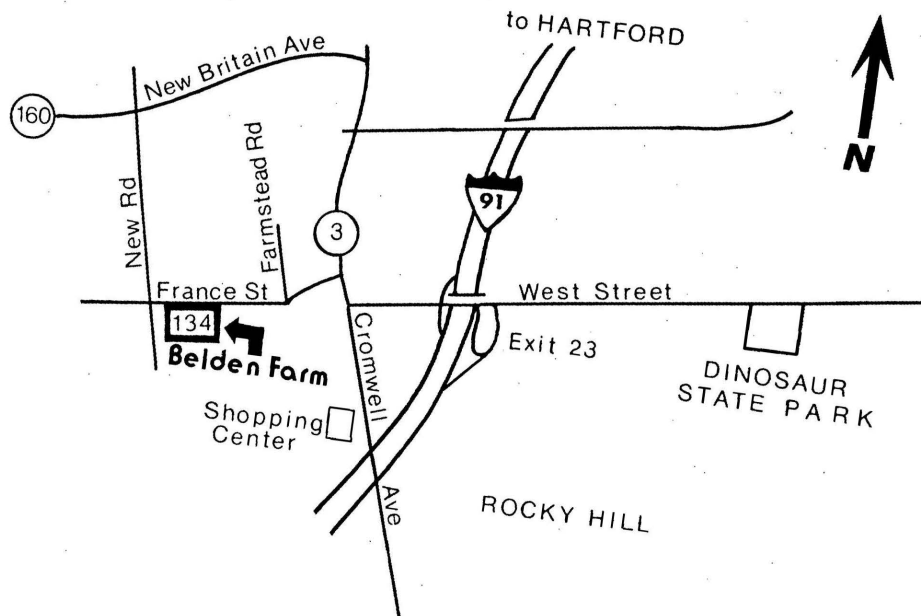
1848, First "Sabbath Conference" held here.

1849, *Present Truth* launched. First SDA periodical.

It Happened Here **Rocky Hill, Conn.**

It was in the spring of 1848 and in the ample house in Topsham a young woman sat patching her husband's overcoat. He was stowing their few belongings into their haircloth trunk. They had not much to pack; their little clothing, the slender wardrobe of their babe, their few books—these were all. Pilgrims they were about to become, going from place to place in response to a call from heaven.

A conference of Sabbathkeepers had been called at the home of Albert Belden, two miles from the village of Rocky Hill, Connecticut. Could they go? If they could get the money. James White put away his ax, settled with his employer, received ten dollars. Five dollars of this went for necessary clothing. The overcoat would do, must do, though the patched sleeves must be patched upon the patches—James' coat of many colors. The remaining five dollars would take them toward Connecticut.



Carrying their babe of seven months they took the train to Dorchester, Massachusetts, and went to Otis Nichols'. As they left this friendly home, Mrs. Nichols handed Elder White another five dollars. Four-fifty to Middletown; no one met them; and but fifty cents left.

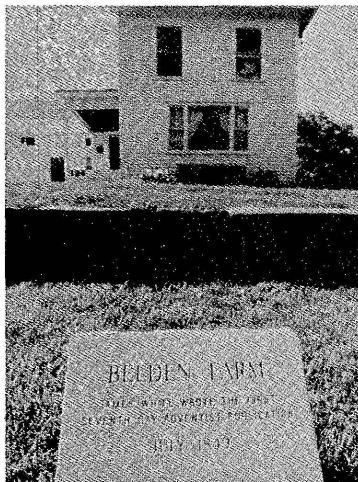
They awaited the arrival of Belden's two-horse rig, which took them and the few brethren of Middletown out to his farm. Just after four o'clock that afternoon of April 20, in came Joseph Bates and Herman Gurney, seemingly having "missed the bus." They had walked the seven miles from Middletown to Rocky Hill. Fifteen people met that evening; the number swelled next day to fifty. The conference "was held in the large unfinished chamber of Brother Albert Belden's house."

Here at 134 France Street, the first Sabbath Conference was held, in April, 1848. There followed for the Whites a journey through northern New York, to which they had been called by Hiram Edson. How could they go?

James White looked around, and behold, there was work to do, for the wages of that day. Below them on the creek bottom lay 1800 acres of hay land. A contract was taken by James White and two others to mow a hundred-acre field of this. They mowed it by hand, for the horse-drawn mower had not yet been invented; and they were paid 87.5 cents an acre. James White received for his part forty dollars.

With this they ventured into New York, leaving their child with Miss Clarissa Bonfoey at Middletown. They returned to Connecticut, received little Henry from Miss Bonfoey, and went on to Maine. When they set out again, they left the child with the Howlands, where he remained for the next five years.

They were in Topsham, Maine, in the spring of 1849, when invitations came both from Connecticut and from New York for them to labor there. In perplexity they decided to respond to the call from Utica, New York, but Mrs. White did not feel clear, so she and her husband knelt and prayed for clear light.



Belden Home

The next day's mail brought a letter from Albert Belden, of Rocky Hill, with a pressing invitation and an enclosure of money sufficient to move them to that place. In this they saw the providence of God, and in June, 1849, to Middletown and Rocky Hill they went.

Clarissa Bonfoey's mother had recently died and left household furnishings sufficient for a small family. She proposed to join them, giving the use of her goods and doing their work, so that they might be free for public labors and writing. This offer they accepted, and with Miss Bonfoey set up housekeeping in "a part of Brother Belden's house at Rocky Hill." She does not say that this included the "large unfinished chamber," but considering the plan of the house it likely did, and either before or when they took over, the big upstairs room was doubtless partitioned.

In the meeting at Topsham, Maine, the sixth of the so-called "Sabbath Conferences," October 20 to 22, 1848, the brethren had discussed the publication of a periodical to present their views; but the means to do this not appearing, no action was decided upon. The next conference was held November 18 and 19 in Dorchester, Mass., where Otis Nichols lived. Here Mrs. White received a remarkable vision in which the future of a great work was opened in symbol, and the message was impressed which she gave to her husband immediately: "You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first. From this small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went clear round the world."

The next summer, settled at Rocky Hill, James White stepped out by faith and prepared the copy for *Present Truth*, our first periodical. He hired it printed in Middletown by Charles Hamlin Pelton.

That dauntless man of God, James White, limped on his lame foot the eight long miles from Rocky Hill to Middletown and back, time and again, to make the arrangements for printing and to read the proofs; until the final triumphant day when with Belden's horse and buggy he brought the thousand copies of Volume 1, Number 1, out to this house of Albert Belden's at Rocky Hill. No doubt his wife and the Beldens came out to greet him, and to help him in with the packages of the flat sheets of the eight-page paper.

They may have taken the papers to the quarters that had been the "large unfinished chamber." They spread them out upon the floor, and then they knelt around them and prayed, with

humble hearts and many tears, that the Lord would let His blessing rest upon these printed messengers of truth. Then they folded them, with that unaccustomed but soon-skilled sweep of hand and arm. They wrapped them, and they addressed them to all who they thought would read them. And then James White, on foot, carried them in a carpetbag to the post office in Middletown. They were dated July, 1849.

Scene of historic, humble glory! Beginning of the worldwide sweep of our literature! Food for our thought, our fond memories, our earnest resolutions, as we stand in front of the house in Rocky Hill, the birthplace of that small periodical, *Present Truth*, in the large unfinished chamber. —Adapted from A.W. Spalding, *Footprints*, pp. 99-108.

